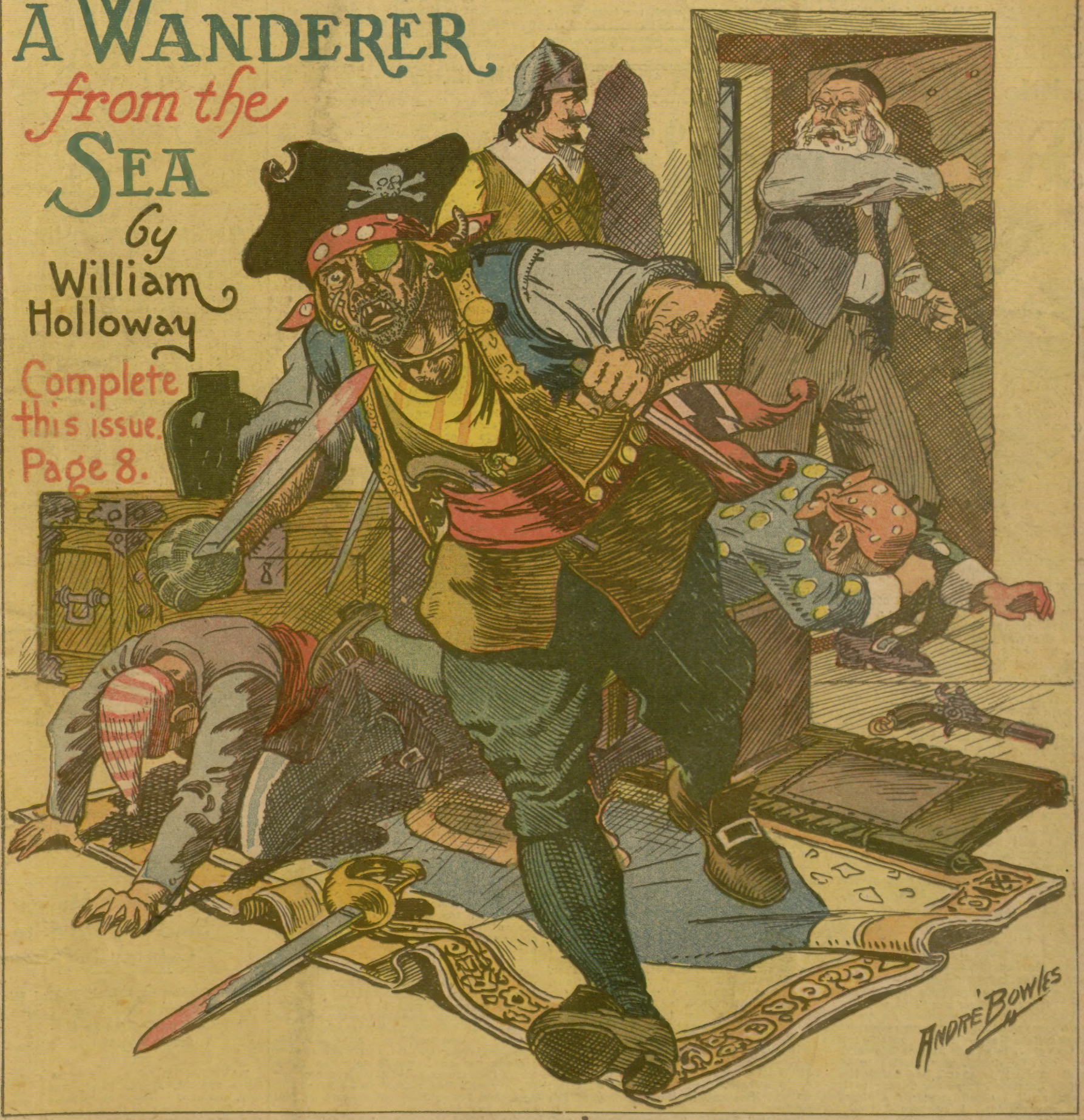
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. L. NO. 11. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1922. 5 CENTS A COPY.

A WANDERER from the SEA

By William Holloway

Complete this issue. Page 8.



The Boomer, A Story of the Steel Mills

In two parts. Part one this week.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1922, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. L. MARCH 18, 1922. NO. 11.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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Little Odd Story of the Week--No.12

In the Moonlight

by WILSON GREER

Several Times He Read the Note Thru.

YES, it was a shock.

No doubt you have at some time in your life stood under a shower device, turned on what you thought was the warm water, and found it to be—icy cold instead. Then you can understand how I felt when I read it the first time. It ran:

> Gregory: When you find this note I will be gone—gone with some one for whom I care a thousand times more than I ever did for you. Just forget me and our two years of married life—and don't be so foolish as to try and find us. I expect you, instead, to secure a divorce at once so as to leave me free to marry him.
>
> And one more thing—I am afraid this will hurt you—I am taking with me baby Geraldine, as you always intended her to be called, for she is mine far more than yours.
>
> JEANNE.

Several times I read the note thru, at first uncomprehendingly, but later with a full realization of its import. Then I crumpled it up in my hand and stood staring for a long time into the fire, wondering how I could ever adjust myself to a new life from which Jeanne and little Geraldine would be absent.

Of course it had been folly on my part, as a mere student of mining engineering at the State University, and only 20 years old at that, to marry Jeanne Elsworth—and she, no doubt, was foolish to consent. True it is, that I had a few thousands inherited from my father to live upon until I should get my diploma—but nevertheless, I suppose I made a mistake.

No, I didn't search for Jeanne and the little one—nor for The Other Man. I was wounded, hurt, tired, willing to forget. I applied for a divorce and secured it easily. Then I continued my senior studies to a successful conclusion and landed in Seattle with a diploma, fourteen hundred dollars, and a somewhat cynical outlook on life. And I might add also that I had a tiny package containing a picture and a crumpled note.

Of course, they were all talking of Alaska there, and I, too, became imbued with the desire to go into the Great North; consequently, I took the first boat out of Seattle and sailed 2,700 miles up to the Nome gold region.

One learns much of Alaska by living there twenty years. Sitka, Skagway, Nome, Wrangell—I know them all as you know your New York. And work—well, it really is a great panacea after all. Hard, assiduous labor, if one is interested, can help one to forget anything.

At any rate, I found myself at the age of 41 with a modest fortune of eighty thousand dollars, perfect health and physique, and with, as my friends were wont to assure me, the youthful looks of a man of 30.

And one more thing I had—an intense desire to be back in the States, where one can enjoy the comforts of civilization, where one isn't surrounded by ice and snow and barrenness, and depressed with six months of darkness in each year.

Ever marry, you ask? Well, you see, the kind of women one meets up on the Gold Coast are hardly the kind one wants for a wife. At any rate, the memory of my first little matrimonial episode no longer pained me. Time is a great soother after all.

Of course, I came back to the States. Even at that I had endured it longer than many. And I found myself shortly enjoying my first vacation at the Ocean Breeze Hotel near Frisco.

It was there that I met Betty Carthorpe. Just on the threshold of womanhood she stood, full of girlish beauty and charm that is too intangible for description.

She was living there with her great-aunt, an easy-going old lady whose chief pastime was to sit on the piazza of the hotel and knit; her mother and father, so I gathered from our conversations, had died when she was young, leaving her without even a brother or sister.

Naturally, a few weeks of tennis, golfing and automobiling provoked the inevitable. I fell head over heels in love with Betty Carthorpe.

IT WAS one evening on the piazza about 10 o'clock, that I told her of it as we sat listening to the booming of the surf.

"Betty," I said, "I guess you've discovered it already—that I love you. I want to marry you and have you by me always—just want to be able to feast my eyes on you and be good to you—but before you answer you must realize that you are a girl of only 20, while I am a man of 41."

I was glad the piazza was deserted. My answer came in a soft arm stealing around my neck and a warm kiss on my cheek.

"From the moment, Greg, that we first met," she replied, "I felt that you were destined to mean far more to me than any one else. And as for our ages—what difference does that make as long as we care for one another. After all, you are nothing but a big boy—and from now on I shall have to call you My Big Boy."

"And you'll marry me, Betty?" I asked eagerly.

"Any time," she answered in an even tone of voice. "You see," she continued rather sadly, "since I am practically alone in the world, I had no one to exercise any authority over me but great-aunt and she doesn't seem to care for much but her knitting and the mere comforts of life; altho," she added, "I must admit she has been very good to me."

"Betty, child," I said, my happiness becoming greater every second, "if I have a big red auto down on the beach tomorrow night at 8 o'clock—and a waiting minister at Paxton, thirty miles away—and a ring—may I have you?"

"Tomorrow night at 8 o'clock," she replied, "I'll be ready and we'll surprise great-aunt with a sure-enough elopement just like we find in the magazine stories."

The following day seemed to drag by interminably.

I can see her now as she came hastening along the sands with the full moon showing the pink that had mounted to her cheeks from the excitement. I can remember, too, how I intercepted her several hundreds yards from the machine and kissed her. Then I laughingly placed my hands on her shoulders and said:

"Betty, suppose I were one of these very jealous persons, who, upon seeing you wearing a new locket tonight, should refuse to go on with our 'sure-enough' elopement until I could see the picture of my 'hated rival' that it contained."

"Big foolish boy," she answered, almost believing me, "if you were such a jealous person I would tell you right away that it contained the picture of my mother who died when I was 5 years old. And then I would open it up and let you see it, just like this."

She clicked the locket open and handed it to me. Never shall I forget the photograph that stared at me from it in the clear cold moonlight; for years I had carried its duplicate. It showed the face of the woman who had deserted me twenty years before.

You have never met my daughter, I believe. Excuse me for a moment while I call her in.

* * *

A Friend of Caesar's.

THERE is one smart Chinaman (colored) staying now perforce in northern Mexico who, but for a slight error, would be enjoying a residence in the United States. Arrested for attempting to enter illegally via the Mexican border, he tried to palm himself off before the court, according to United States Commissioner A. J. W. Schmid at El Paso, Texas, as an old resident of Seattle. So well had he been coached in the part that the Federal attorneys could pick no flaw in his apparent knowledge of Seattle, names and places. In desperation, the prosecution finally asked if he had ever known Julius Caesar up there. Yes, the Chinaman had heard of him often. Did he remember Mark Antony, and how he acted as State's witness at the trial of Caesar's murderers? Yes, he remembered Antony well, and the murder, too, and was only a little hazy in his mind about the trial. Ten minutes later he was on a Mexican-bound trolley.

* * *

Preparedness.

JIGGS' idea of a thoughtful husband is one who, when he gets home late, gets into bed backward, so that if his wife wakes up he can explain he was just getting up.

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Goodyear Mfg. Co., 253-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome, Rainproofed, All-Weather coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Adv.

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Have You Small Eyes?

MOLIERE in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" describes a character who is known to be patterned after his own wife.

She has small eyes, objects one. True, returns the champion of her beauty, "but they are full of fire, very brilliant, the most penetrating and the most touching in the world."

And that is the case of small eyes in a nutshell. You may pass muster anywhere with small eyes, tho it is the large eye that is accounted more beautiful, but if you are going to get along with small eyes they must be eyes of fire, very brilliant, full of feeling and expression.

There are those who say that small eyes betoken cunning. Nonsense! Didn't Patrick Henry have small eyes, and didn't John Marshall? And could any one accuse the out-spoken Virginian who called upon high Heaven for liberty or death of possessing cunning in his nature, or that other Virginian who devoted his superb endowment of judicial and analytical abilities entirely to the good of his country, of being a man of mean disposition?

Among small-eyed folk who wrote are Tolstoy, Isben and Whitman, Chopin and Beethoven are small-eyed men of music, and Michael Angelo had exceedingly small eyes, which shows that large eyes are no more necessary to painting than to the other arts.

And you really don't have to have large eyes even to fascinate. There was Eleanor Gwynn, who rose from obscurity and rags and a pittance a day earned vending oranges in a London theater to the more than queenly splendor with which Charles II. surrounded her as his favorite. She was accounted most charming, most beautiful, most vivacious. And yet, her eyes were small indeed, so small, in fact, that when she laughed, which she did often, those orbs were all but lost to view.

Not infrequently we hear the large, full eye referred to as the queenly eye. Just why it is hard to tell. Perhaps because it looks like the sort of eye that most persons think queens ought to have. There was Marie Antoinette, whose eyes

Small Eyes That Charm.

are always mentioned as small when they are mentioned at all, tho they were pleasing eyes of a clear light blue that seem at first to have won considerable admiration from the dark-eyed French populace. Later, of course, those blue Austrian eyes, small and cold, were regarded with anything but admiration.

It is no exaggeration to say that in a general way the more brilliant the painter the more apt he is sometimes to put on his canvases beautiful women whose eyes are small rather than large. For it is the natural, simple, childlike thing to paint eyes too large. It is a fault among primitive artists. It was a fault among the sentimental religious artist of the decadent period in Italy as well as among the makers of magazine covers of today—both, no doubt, catering to the popular taste. Among the canvases of Velasquez and Rembrandt you will find many with smaller eyes that were doubtless realistic. And don't forget that Saskia—the wife of Rembrandt, whose beauty exercised more influence over the great Dutch master than that of any other—Saskia had eyes that were markedly small.

Next Week: The Low Forehead.

Iowa Physician Makes Startling Offer to Catarrh Sufferers

Found Treatment Which Healed His Own Catarrh and Now Offers To Send It Free To Sufferers Anywhere.

DAVENPORT, Iowa.—Dr. W. O. Coffee, Suite 722, St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central west, announces that he found a treatment which completely healed him of catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and head noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and they state that they also were completely healed. The Doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him, that he is offering to send a 10 days' supply absolutely free to any reader of this paper who writes him. Dr. Coffee has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, send him your name and address today.—Adv.

The Boomer by Frank Lester

IN THE parlance of the steel mills, a Boomer is a worker who moves restlessly from one plant to another, accumulating nothing but experience; gathering neither friends, money nor a wife. Here is the story of a Boomer who was made so thru no fault of his own, and of strange villainies perpetrated inside the walls of a great steel plant. If you are interested in electricity—particularly the high voltages which mean death to the touch——

But you need not understand volts and amperes, for it, also, is the high-voltage of revenge and the equally high-voltage of powerful love between man and woman.

FERGUSON, electrical superintendent of the Ironvale Steel Plant, slammed the receiver viciously down on the hook of his desk 'phone. As the door to his office swung open several inches and a head covered with flaming red hair peeped in, he looked up with exasperation. But at the first glance, however, his face lighted up with relief.

"Come in, Red," he grunted. "You are just the man I want to see. Got a report this very second from the track walker on the Slagville line. And confound it, man, 'The Nipper' slipped over something new on us sometime between last night and this morning."

"Red" McAfee, foreman of the line gang, paused squarely in the act of dropping into a chair. A look of surprise flooded his own face and his lower jaw fell open, displaying two rows of irregular, tobacco stained teeth. With a gesture of bewilderment he raised one hand and pushed back the tangle of copper-colored hair that covered his narrow forehead.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Why—why—Mr. Ferguson, 'The Nipper' ain't startin' in now to monkey with the 22,000-volt line, is he? You don't think for a minute——"

"Sit down," ordered Ferguson peremptorily. "There's no thinking about it, I tell you. I know it for a fact. The track walker reports that all three insulators on pole No. 147 are neatly shot away, and that the three 'phases' are sagging on the cross-arm. I tell you, Red, I'm about to the end of my endurance. That means a complete shut-down of the Slagville Cement Plant tonight just in order to fix up that one little piece of vandalism. It is indeed a mighty queer situation that we're up against. Sometimes I get so sore that I actually hate my own self when I think of how one lone devil of a human being can delay and impede and hamper the whole output of the mills thru his mere skill in selecting the vital spots of our great nervous system—the electrical network—to tamper with."

The foreman nodded silently, but made no attempt at an answer.

"Red," continued Ferguson, staring across the room at nothing in particular, "here at Ironvale are two of the largest independent steel plants in the country. Our own works, man, are nearly a mile long and a half mile wide; they comprise over seventy separate mill buildings, connected together by a vast electrical system that contains more feet of wire than we have seconds yet to live. And for the last four months or so we're confronted by nothing but trouble, trouble, at the vital points.

"Last week one of the feeders to Rail Mill No. 1 snaps in the night. After the whole mill is shut down for an hour and eighty hunkies get sixty minutes for rest and gabbing—but with their pay going on just the same—the two night trouble men get things hooked up again. But what does an examination of the broken feeder ends show? Simply that sometime in the past the feeder was neatly cut half way thru by a hacksaw. And the day before that the giant induction motor in the rolling end of Plate Mill No. 2 breaks down. Result—shut down for twelve hours—when we're swamped with orders. But what do we discover? Simply that eleven of the field coils had been nearly nipped thru by a man with a clever pair of pliers. And what was it day before that?"

"You're Always Welcome, Dave."

"Controller connections shifted on the soaking-pit crane," put in Red, promptly. "Two armatures burned out—and no extras in stock."

"And so it goes," repeated Ferguson wearily. "Invariably our output is hampered and delayed—but always in the production end, you'll notice. Never in the laboratory, or the offices, or the telephone system. Troubles and breaks that used to come in at the rate of three a week come in now at the rate of three to five every twenty-four hours. Where formerly we kept one trouble man at night—two are kept humping over the sudden emergencies that spring up with the snapping of vitals parts of our circuits. And it points to only one thing, Red. One or more of the big bugs in the Bransford Plant on the other side of Ironvale are at the bottom of it. To my mind there's a completely mapped-out plot in existence to attack us secretly by nipping our electrical system at every possible point. And it's plain that it's one of the twenty-eight electricians in the line gang that's doing the dirty work."

Red frowned. "I admit, Mr. Ferguson, that the guy that's pullin' the stunt off is got to be an electrician. First, 'cause he knows how to cut thru these circuits just far enough so's the trouble'll develop weeks later. An' second, because with the exception o' the carpenters, there ain't no other class of labor in the mills that works all around the plant and goes into th' little out-of-the-way nooks and up the poles like th' linemen and wiremen. But as far as that goes, Mr. Ferguson, look at me. I'm all over the place from one end to the other, inspectin' the old work and checkin' up the men on th' new installation. First thing I know, I'll be gettin' suspicioned."

The older man laughed scornfully. "Cut it out, Red, cut it out. Nobody's going to suspect you of anything except drawing down a foreman's salary every two weeks—and of coming out of Jaworski's blind pig the morning after payday. You're not included in the calculations at all."

M'AFEE brightened up perceptibly, but the color of his face began to approach that of his hair. So he changed the subject hastily. "I hear tell a while ago that President Hiatt offered a thousand dollars t'day for information that would connect the wire nippin' with the Bransford Plant officials. Is that bony fide?"

"Yes. The notice is going to be posted around the plant this afternoon; five hundred to the first man, woman, or child that brings to light information that will legally identify the fellow; one thousand dollars if the information is inclusive enough to hook the vandalism up to the Bransford Plant. But I've got a better plan than that. If I had my way I'd forget all about the fact that we've got a year's work in new construction ahead of us, and I'd fire the whole blame line gang—every one of the twenty-eight wiremen and linemen in the place; then I'd advertise in the Chicago and Pittsburgh papers and get together a new crew, even if I had to hire boomers. But the trouble is—Hiatt won't stand for it. Claims that the men are mostly married and settled here in Ironvale and that it's an injustice to punish all of 'em in order to eliminate the guilty one. A few more important breakdowns, tho, of feed wires, lighting systems, controlling devices, hoisting motors, and what not else, and he'll change his tune. As to the thousand dollar offer, it won't come to anything. I'm certain of it. There's too much opportunity in one of these big plants for a man to nip wires to his heart's content—and never get detected."

"Mr. Ferguson," put in Red hurriedly, "I'd hate to see the whole gang canned. I'd call that poor policy, beggin' your pardon for criticizin'. I got a better scheme."

"Shoot," said Ferguson, interested.

"Simply this. Let's weed out every suspicious man one at a time, and watch the results. That's the——"

"But heavens and earth," interrupted Ferguson, "we've eliminated every suspicious man two months ago. At the present moment no one of the gang is any more to be suspected than any other one. In that respect they're all on a par."

"No, they're not," stated McAfee pointedly.

"How about Dave Lauriston?" he asked, quickly.

"Dave Lauriston?" exclaimed the superintendent thoughtfully. "Then you still feel, Red, that he's the man that's doing the wire nipping? You hinted at that last week."

"I always suspicioned that he had a finger in it. In the first place, Mr. Ferguson, he's a boomer. In the second place he knows—or thinks he knows—too durn much about the electrical game. An' in the third place he's got a lot o' these here nice, refined, silk-hatted ways about him, an' a glib way o' speakin' that don't fit in with a ordinary pole-hiker's job. I tell you, Mr. Ferguson, he's the man to weed out," Red paused. Then he went on: "Mind you, tho, I don't actually know that Dave Lauriston is 'The Nipper.' Might be that after he was fired the trouble would go on, same as ever. There's no tellin' about that, of course."

Ferguson remained silent for several minutes, staring out past the flower boxes on the window sills of the electrical department office. Then he spun around and faced McAfee once more.

"Red," he said suddenly, "I'm going to tell you what I know about Lauriston—but it's understood that you're to keep it to yourself, for I gave him my word on that when I hired him. Dave Lauriston, it seems, is a Cornell graduate in electrical engineering. According to his own story his eyes gave way after working too hard on a graduating thesis along the lines of high-tension theory. The exact nature of the trouble I don't just know but it involved the muscles and optic nerve of each eye. On the day he graduated—he was stone blind; and he remained so for nearly four or five months afterward. When the blindness finally passed away he was told by three of the biggest eye specialists in the East that his days for study, for work on the drafting board, were done forever; that any attempt to follow the higher branches of electrical engineering, to study blue prints, to lay out intricate circuits and so forth, would put him to the bad for all time. He'd had some experience in pole-hiking in previous summer work. So naturally with that he turned to line construction and installation as the only kind of work that would keep him out in the open, prevent close application of his eyes, and at the same time give him a chance to use some of the knowledge that he'd spent four years accumulating. And he admits that ever since he became a lineman he's boomed his way back and forth between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts."

"Well, by gee," asserted McAfee emphatically, "that whole blame story sounds phony to me. If I had the givin' out of the pink slips, on the strength of that yarn alone he'd be the first man to get his."

Ferguson appeared to be puzzled. "Well, it sounded a little unusual to me. So out of curiosity I went to the trouble of writing to the Dean of Cornell University. And sure enough, Red, there was a David Lauriston graduated from there five years ago, and he was blind when his diploma was handed to him—just as this fellow declared to me."

"Well, even at that, Mr. Ferguson," persisted McAfee, "is all this any proof that he ain't nippin' wires with that pliers o' his, all over the plant? Is it any proof that he ain't in the pay of somebody over at the Bransford Mills, and drawin' down a slick little sum for every important electrical breakdown that we get here at the Ironvale Mills?"

FOR a long time Ferguson drummed on his desk with his fingers. His face seemed to show that he was weighing the pros and cons of an unpleasant question. Red McAfee fidgeted in his chair, and several times opened his mouth as tho to speak; but each time he quickly closed it again. Finally, Ferguson reached into a pigeon-hole of his desk and withdrew a pad of salmon-colored slips. He signed the top one, tore it off, and tossed it over to McAfee. The latter's face instantly lighted up.

"It might be, Red, that you're right," Ferguson remarked. "To close the debate—there's your pink slip, all signed. Pin it to his pay check next Tuesday. And mark it merely 'Laid off account of reduction in force.' Lauriston's a restless chap—a boomer thru and thru—and that means that if he's not 'The Nipper' he's going to blow us sooner or later, anyway. We can't afford to dilly-dally any longer.

"There, By Gee," He Muttered to Himself, "That Was the Best Stroke That the Honorable Red McAfee Ever Slipped Over!"

And here's the number of the pole, Red. Send one man and one helper—the next pair on your list for night work—to fix it up as close around midnight as possible. The load curve at the Slagville Plant still drops to the minimum at that hour—so midnight, of course, is the most economical time for the shut down. Tell him to work fast, but not to slouch on the job. You see, Red, in this wet season I don't dare leave those three 'phases' sagging on the cross-arm till next Sunday. One good rain—and we'll have a beautiful imitation of a short circuit across that wet piece of wood. And, just as in the past, Red, put old Sam Webb at the high-tension shanty* to guard the switch. Tell him that the keys are here at the office, so——"

"And that reminds me what I came here for," Red managed to interrupt. "Old Sam Webb handed me his notice today. He's leavin' us in a week."

"Leaving us in a week," ejaculated Ferguson. "Why, great Scott, he's due for a pension if he hangs on for two more years."

"Doctor's orders," explained Red. "Some pecooliar trouble with his heart. He told me what it was but I can't remember the name of it. But anyway, I don't take no stock in doctors. They're all fakers. And as for old Sam, tho, he's got a bunch of coin saved up in these twenty-eight years and over that he's been with the Ironvale Plant. He don't need no pension. He can——"

A prolonged, hollow whistle interrupted Red's words. It was taken instantly up by separate mill buildings all over the plant. Amidst the din, hundreds of men, dirty-faced, some wearing overalls, others clad only in trousers and coarse undershirts, but all swinging dinner pails, made a mad rush for the main gates near the office. Ferguson slammed down the cover of his roll-top desk and grabbed his hat.

"Dinner time!" he grunted. "Get out of here, Red. Let me slip around the rear end of that mob of fighting bohunks making for the nearbeer emporiums."

Red hastily snatched his hat, stuffed the two slips in his pocket, and beat a quick retreat from the electrical department office. Once outside, he struck off in an opposite direction from the mill gate and the crowd of jostling foreigners, and shortly found himself on the wide cinder road that led to the line gang headquarters near the center of the plant. A few minutes later he left the road and cut across a great open space which was filled with rusty broken castings of all sizes and descriptions. Near the center of it he stopped and withdrew the pink slip. He scanned it carefully. Then he waved it gleefully at the remains of a huge iron fly-wheel.

"There, by gee," he muttered to himself, grinning, "was the best stroke that the honorable Red McAfee ever slipped over. With Dave Lauriston out o' the plant and out o' Ironvale altogether, I oughter get back as solid as ever with Myrene."

*Author's Note: In the steel mills, any structure of wood, no matter how substantial, is termed a "shanty."

CHAPTER II.

"RED" ASSIGNS A MIDNIGHT JOB.

THE five-thirty whistle had just finished blowing. At a long galvanized iron trough in one end of the line-gang headquarters, a crowd of sunburned linemen and wiremen, stripped to the waist, were splashing water over themselves and over the floor, and bandying jokes back and forth all the while. As each minute passed, a new knot of two or three came clanking thru the door, their tools and life belts swinging in time with their step. Wearily, each one dropped his belt and climbers in front of his locker, jerked off his coat and flannel shirt, and joined the jostling crowd at the water trough.

In the doorway of a small, glass-partitioned office built in the end of the room stood Red, watching the entering linemen and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other as the man he was waiting for failed to appear. Minute after minute slipped by. When the hands of the clock had reached five-forty the last man but Red swung from the place with his empty dinner pail on his arm. The foreman began to fidget again. A few seconds later a tall, broad-shouldered lineman entered the low room. In age he might have been twenty-eight or twenty-nine, altho a peculiar lurking sad expression about the corners of his eyes and mouth would have caused a casual observer to overestimate his years by five or six. While his whole body, in fact, was the well-knit body of an athlete, his face was more the face of a thinker, a dreamer, perhaps, than that of a man who earns his living by hard, dangerous outdoor work. Knotted about his neck was a faded red bandana handkerchief and covering his closely-trimmed blond hair was a broad-brimmed, gray felt hat of western shape. At his side was a slim, yellow-haired lad of 16, clad in striped overalls and jumper.

He looked with surprise around the empty room;

(Continued on Page 15.)

In Which Kirby Receives a Mysterious Tip and Acts Immediately Upon It

Tangled Trails

By William MacLeod Raine

Read This First

COLE SANBORN, the new champion rough rider, arrived in Denver for a good time. He was soon interested in Lane's serious predicament and was more than willing to help him solve the mystery. While the two famous rough riders were rivals in rodeo contests, they and "Wild Rose" were the closest of friends. The two ranchmen discovered that Olson, the Swede, had occupied a room in the Wyndham Hotel directly across the alley from the murder victim's apartment in the Paradox. In a vacated apartment next to Cunningham, Sr.'s, they found the lifeless body of Horikawa, the banker's Jap valet, lying on a bed. Shibo, the Oriental janitor, said Mr. Jennings, the tenant of the apartment, had left for Chicago before the banker was slain.

Lane phoned to James Cunningham, Jr., but the young banker couldn't see him just then—he was taking Miss Phyllis Harriman out to lunch. Later, Kirby bluntly told Jack Cunningham and Phyllis that he believed they had visited his uncle's rooms on the night he was killed. Jack's only answer was that his cousin was "a meddling fool."

This story began in No. 7, the Ledger for Feb. 18. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXIII.
COUSINS DISAGREE.

IT WAS essential to Kirby's plans that he should be at liberty. If he should be locked up in prison even for a few days the threads that he had begun to untangle from the snarl known as the Cunningham mystery would again be ensnared. He was not sure what action James would take at his brother's demand that he withdraw from the bond. But Lane had no desire to embarrass him by forcing the issue. He set about securing a new bond.

He was, ten minutes later, in the law offices of Irwin, Foster & Warren, attorneys who represented the cattle interests in Wyoming with which Kirby was identified. Foster, a stout, middle-aged man with only a few locks of gray hair left, heard what the rough rider had to say.

"I'll wire to Caldwell and to Norman as you suggest, Mr. Lane," he said. "If they give me instructions to stand back of you, I'll arrange a new bond as soon as possible."

"Will it take long? I can't afford to be tied up behind the bars right now."

"Not if I can get it accepted. I'll let you know at once."

Kirby rose. He had finished his business.

"Just a moment, Mr. Lane." Foster leaned back in his swivel-chair and looked out of the window. His eyes did not focus on any detail of the office building opposite. They had the far-away look which denotes a preoccupied mind. "Ever been to Golden?" he asked at last abruptly, swinging back in his seat and looking at his client.

"No. Why?"

"Golden is the Gretna Green of Denver, you know. When young people elope they go to Golden. When a couple gets married and doesn't want it known they choose Golden. Very convenient spot."

"I'm not figuring on gettin' married right now," the cattleman said, smiling.

"Still you might find a visit to the place interesting and useful. I was there on business a couple of weeks ago."

The eyes of the men fastened. Lane knew he was being given a hint that Foster did not want to put more directly.

"What are the interestin' points of the town?" asked the Twin Buttes man.

"Well, sir, there are several. Of course, there's the School of Mines, and the mountains right back of the town. Gold was discovered there somewhere about fifty-seven, I think. Used to be the capital of the territory before Denver found her feet."

"I'm rather busy."

"Wouldn't take you long to run over on the interurban." The lawyer began to gather towards him the papers upon which he had been working when the client was shown in. He added casually: "I found it quite amusing to look over the marriage licenses of the last month or two. Found the names there of some of our prominent citizens. Well, I'll call you up as soon as I know about the bond."

Lane was not entirely satisfied with what he had been told, but he knew that Foster had said all he meant to say. One thing stuck in his mind as the gist of the hint. The attorney was advising him to go to the courthouse and check up the marriage licenses.

He walked across to the Equitable Building and dropped in on his cousin James. Cunningham rose to meet him a bit stiffly. The cattleman knew that Jack had already been in to see him or had got him on the wire.

Kirby brushed thru any embarrassment there might be and told frankly why he had come.

"I've had a sort of row with Jack. Under the circumstances I don't feel that I ought to let you stay on my bond. It might create ill-feelin' between you an' him. So I'm arrangin' to have some Wyoming friends put up whatever's required. You'll understand I haven't any bad feeling against you or against him for that matter. You've been bully all thru this thing, an' I'm certainly in your debt."

"What's the trouble between you about?" asked James.

"I've found out that he an' Miss Harriman were in Uncle James' rooms the night he was killed. I want them to come thru an 'tell what they know."

"How did you find that out?"

The eyes of the oil broker were hard as jade. They looked straight into those of his cousin.

"I can't tell you that—exactly. Put two an' two together."

"You mean you guess they were there. You don't know it."

A warm, friendly smile lit the brown face of the rough rider. He wanted to remain on good terms with James if he could. "I don't know it in a legal sense. Morally, I'm convinced of it."

"Even tho they deny it."

"Practically they admitted rather than denied."

"Do you think it was quite straight, Kirby, to go to Miss Harriman with such a trumped-up charge? I don't. I confess I'm surprised at you." In voice and expression James showed his disappointment.

"It isn't a trumped-up charge. I wanted to know the truth from her."

"Why didn't you go to Jack, then?"

"I didn't know at that time Jack was the man with her."

"You don't know it now. You don't know she was there. In point of fact, the idea is ridiculous. You surely don't think for a moment that she had anything to do with Uncle James' death."

"No; not in the sense that she helped bring it about. But she knows somethin' she's hidin'."

"That's absurd. Your imagination is too active, Kirby."

"Can't agree with you." Lane met him eye to eye.

"Grant for the sake of argument that she was in uncle's room that night. Your friend Miss Rose McLean was there, too—by her own confession. When she came to Jack and me with her story, we respected it. We did not insist on knowing why she was there, and it was of her own free will she told us. Yet you go to our friend and distress her by implications that must shock and wound her. Was that generous? Was it even fair?"

The cattleman stood convicted at the bar of his own judgment. His cousins had been magnanimous to Esther and Rose, more so than he had been to Miss Harriman. Yet, even while he confessed fault, he felt uneasily that there was a justification he could not quite lay hold of and put into words.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, James. Perhaps I was wrong. But you want to remember that I wasn't askin' about what she knew with any idea of makin' it public or tellin' the police. I meant to keep it under my own hat to help run down a cold-blooded murderer."

"You can't want to run him down any more than we do—and in that 'we' I include Jack and Miss Harriman as well as myself," the older man answered gravely. "But I'm sure you're entirely wrong. Miss Harriman knows nothing about it. If she had she would have confided in us."

"Cunningham—Cunningham! Seems to Me I Did Marry a Man by That Name. Come to Think of It I'm Sure I Did. To a Beautiful Young Woman," the Old Preacher Said.

"Perhaps she has confided in Jack."

"Don't you think that obsession of yours is rather—well, unlikely, to put it mildly? Analyze it and you'll find you haven't a single substantial fact to base it on."

This was true. Yet Kirby's opinion was not changed. He still believed that Jack and Miss Harriman had been in his uncle's rooms just before Wild Rose had been there.

He returned to the subject of the bond. It seemed to him best, he said, in view of Jack's feeling, to get other bondsmen. He hoped James would not interpret this to mean that he felt less friendly toward him.

His cousin bowed, rather formally. "Just as you please. Would you like the matter arranged this afternoon?"

Lane looked at his watch. "I haven't heard from my new bondsmen yet. Besides, I want to go to Golden. Would tomorrow morning suit you?"

"I dare say." James stifled a yawn. "Did you say you were going to Golden?"

"Yes. Someone gave me a tip. I don't know what there's in it, but I thought I'd have a look at the marriage-license registry."

Cunningham flashed a startled glance at him that asked a peremptory question. "Probably waste of time. I've been in the oil business too long to pay any attention to tips."

"Expect you're right, but I'll trot out there, anyhow. Never can tell."

"What do you expect to find among the marriage licenses?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. I'll tell you tomorrow what I do find."

James made one dry, ironic comment. "I rather think you have too much imagination for sleuthing. You let your wild fancies gallop away with you. If I were you I'd go back to bronco busting."

Kirby laughed. "Dare say you're right. I'll take your advice after we get the man we're after."

CHAPTER XXIV.
REVEREND NICODEMUS RANKIN FORGETS AND REMEMBERS.

BY APPOINTMENT Kirby met Rose at Graham & Osborne's for luncheon. She was waiting in the tower-room for him.

"Where's Esther?" he asked.

Rose mustered a faint smile. "She's eating lunch with a handsomer man."

"You can't throw a stone up Sixteenth street without hittin' one," he answered gayly.

They followed the head waitress to a small table for two by a window. Rose walked with the buoyant rhythm of perfect health. Her friend noticed, as he had often done before, that she had the grace of movement which is a corally to muscles under perfect response. Seated across the table from her, he marveled once more at the miracle of her soft skin and the peach bloom of her complexion. Many himes she had known the sting of sleet and the splash of sun on her face. Yet incredibly her cheeks did not tan nor lose their fineness.

"You haven't told me who this handsomer man is," Kirby suggested.

"Cole Sanborn." She flushed a little, but looked straight at him. "Have you told him about Esther?"

"No. But from somethin' he said I think he guesses."

Her eyes softened. "He's awf'ly good to Esther. I can see he likes her and she likes him. Why couldn't she have met him first? She's so lovable." Tears brimmed to her eyes. "That's been her ruin. She was ready to believe any man who said he cared for her. Even when she was a little bit of a trick when people liked her, she was grateful to them for it and kinda snuggled up to them. I never saw a more cuddly baby."

"Have you found out anything more yet about—the man?" he asked, his voice low and gentle.

"No. It's queer how stubborn she can be for all her softness. But she almost told me last night. I'll find out in a day or two now. Of course, it was your uncle. The note I found was really an admission of guilt. Your cousins feel that some settlement ought to be made on Esther out of the estate. I've been trying to decide what would be fair. Will you think it over and let me know what seems right to you?"

The waitress came, took their order, and departed.

"I'm goin' out to Golden today on a queer wild-goose chase," Kirby said. "A man gave me a hint. He didn't want to tell me the information out an' out, whatever it is. I don't know why. What he said was for me to go to Golden an' look over the list of marriage licenses for the past month or two."

Her eyes flashed an eager question at him. "You don't suppose—it couldn't be that Esther was married to your uncle secretly and that she promised not to tell."

"I hadn't thought of that. It might be." His eyes narrowed in concentration. "And if Jack an' Miss Harriman had just found it out, that would explain why they called on Uncle James

(Continued on Page 18.)

Continuing the Story of Rascals Who Would Destroy the Monroe Doctrine

The Fangs of a Mongrel Breed

By A. W. Breeden

THIS STORY of a bold plot to destroy a young Latin-American republic, flout the United States and the Monroe Doctrine, and if successful so arouse and embolden the colored and mongrel races—negroes, Japanese, Chinese, South American Indians and various half-breeds—to rise against the white race, everywhere, and thus create a reign of bloodshed and terror such as the world has never known, will thrill, if not amaze, all Ledger readers.

Summary of Opening Chapters

JOHN MITCHEL, an American, young secret service man, late in 1918 was called to a new South American republic whose royalist defenders, aided by certain Japanese imperialists and German colonists, were known to be conspiring to bring the House of Braga back to the throne, with Prince John as the recognized monarch. Mitchel, just back from Europe, where he had served as a watchdog of Uncle Sam's interests in the great World War, being still eager for further adventure, promptly accepted the call of New Portugal, the young Latin-American republic, and was soon in Braganza, its capital. During his first two years there Mitchel was a frequent guest at the villa of the

MARCHESA DA SAO VINCENTE, a loyal Bragadista, member of the deposed royal family, a handsome widow with a beautiful 18-year-old daughter,

PAULA, who was in love with "her gallant Jean Michel," as was her charming mother, but John's love dream was for the daughter. Thus it came about, while the Marchesa was absent from her villa, John confessed that he was an American citizen with an inherited title of Jean Michel de la Tour de Meurthe, having a small estate in France and a larger one in Kentucky. Paula was overjoyed and they motored to the American consulate and were married.

John had discovered that the Russian refugees in New Portugal were in collusion with a certain secret imperialist party in Japan to cause the overthrow of the republic by organizing the negroes, Indians, half-breeds and mongrels to flout the United States and the Monroe Doctrine, and put a Braga back on the throne. For some time one

DR. HISHANUMA, a Jap, calling himself a doctor of philosophy, had been in Braganza stirring up a revolution with

RODERIGUES HERNANDEZ, the republic's minister of war, enamored of the Marchesa, as his chief aid and conspirator, something not even dreamed of by honest old

PRESIDENT MADERIA, a hero of many campaigns. However, the President knew that something hostile to the republic was hatching.

Mitchel took his bride back to her mother's villa, told her he was going on a dangerous mission, but hoped to return. For his own purposes John had promised Hichanuma that he was "with him" in anything he and the minister of war might undertake. The Marchesa, on her return, ordered that Paula be taken to the horrible Convent of All Saints, conducted by negro voodoo worshippers, known to all good Catholics as rank imposters.

"Forty Thousand Stands of Arms Are Now on Their Way From Japan, Together With Five Million Rounds of Ammunition. Your Man Buenevento or His Lieutenants Must Be Ready to Receive Them."

CHAPTER V.

DOM RODERIGUES HERNANDEZ of course knew nothing of what was occurring on the other side of the world to wreck his plans, when, smarting from the rebuff he had received from the lips and hand of his lady love, he went that afternoon to the honest old Maderia, President of the Republic.

"I have always told you, your excellency," he said when he and the old President were seated in the private library of the latter, "that John Mitchel was a Bragadista in fact as well as by pretense. I have here, in the records of the American consulate for yesterday, the absolute proof that such is the fact."

These two men had campaigned together in the wars that had overthrown the House of Braga, and in putting down the counter Bragadista revolution that followed. Maderia was a major general when Hernandez was a colonel, but the latter had risen by his acuteness and military ability to an equal rank. Maderia trusted the man, because it was his disposition to trust all men so long as they seemed at all trustworthy, being the soul of honor himself. He had therefore made his former colleague minister of war, as soon as he was elected President, altho more than one ardent republican had expressed doubts as to the wisdom of the choice.

Now he adjusted his nose glasses and looked benignly, if a little surprised, at Hernandez. He reached for a wine carafe and poured himself and his visitor a draught of white wine as the other cleared his throat to begin.

"Yesterday," said Hernandez, "John Mitchel was married at the American consulate to the Donna Paula da Sao Vincente."

Hernandez took a sip of his wine and leaned back and with diabolical face watched the effect of his words upon the old president.

"You have the proof?" asked Madeira in a tone hardly above a whisper.

"Here," said Hernandez, and placed a paper on the table.

The old President took up the paper with hands that trembled a little. An ardent patriot, a lover of republics, a fervent admirer of the United States, he had looked upon young Mitchel almost as a son, and grieved that he had no daughter so that he might hope one day to have him for a son.

He read over the paper slowly and laid it down.

"How did you secure this?" he asked.

"I went to the consulate and demanded to see the records. The young man there refused me. Then I went to the American ambassador and made him see how important it was for me to know the facts, and he gave me an order on the consulate so that I secured the record."

"And where have the two young people gone?" asked the President, eagerly.

"The young woman is still at the villa. John Mitchel returned to the capital last night. This morning at a little before daybreak he left the city in his automobile in company with Dr. Hishanuma and——"

"With Dr. Hishanuma?" thundered the President. "Is he going about with that unspeakable scoundrel? Listen, Hernandez, I have information that that scoundrel Hishanuma is at the head of a Japanese and German cabal of overthrowing the republic. That settles it. Use your army to have them both arrested at sight. Have every Jap in the city kept under strict surveillance. Also those Germans, those Prussian refugees, especially that Dr. Von Weissman. Arrest the Donna Paula and the Marchesa and have them kept under surveillance, either at their villa or at their city house. Return and report to me in person tonight before you sleep. I put the entire city police force under the military for the time being. Here, I will give you an order to that effect."

So Dom Roderigues had at last the wheels going that he believed would crush forever his one enemy in connection with the Sao Vincentes and humiliate the proud Marchesa at last and bring her pleadingly to his feet.

"But what about this robbery that I hear took place at Dr. Hishanuma's house this morning or last night?" asked the President.

"I have not had time to investigate it," replied Hernandez. "In my opinion it had nothing whatsoever to do with political affairs. I imagine it was purely a burglary for the sake of what loot could be gained. However, I will investigate it and bring you a report if you wish me to."

"Do so, Hernandez," said the President. "Bring me every scrap of information you can. Ah, I see now that I should not have permitted that scheming woman to remain so long here in my country. But I thought so long as John Mitchel remained near her all was safe. She loved John Mitchel once, Hernandez. It is my opinion she loves him still. Don't you think so?"

Hernandez winced as he replied that he could not say—that a woman's love was a thing that no mere man could fathom. He departed from the presidential palace to put in motion at once the machinery for catching and ruining the young American while at the same time he protected his confederate Hishanuma and assisted the Japanese schemes.

Dr. Hishanuma was the very cornerstone of the plot he was hatching, and he felt that he must stay in touch with him at all costs. He went at once to a certain low Chinese dive in the city, and there met a close confederate of Hishanuma, a little slant-eyed man of 50 with a great scar on his left cheek, probably received in some long-forgotten fight.

"About the doctor?"

"I have heard nothing," replied the snaky little Jap.

"And you believe?"

"That he is entirely capable of taking care of himself. He has proved that several times. . . . What about Buen Buenevento and his native followers?" asked the Jap.

"All is in readiness," replied Hernandez. "They only wait for the arrival of arms. The whole thing here will be a regular before breakfast affair. Those fanatics think they are fighting for the rights of the black and brown against the whites. They will sweep down upon the capital a hundred thousand strong. Nothing will stop them; the only difficulty on our part will be to protect the foreigners. But I think I can do that safely. I have several merchantmen tied up and waiting. We will put many of the foreign residents on board these and the others I will protect with my army. You understand thoroly, I suppose, that I must appear to be on the side of peace and order, that is, on the side of the republic up to the last moment. The whole affair must have the appearance of an uprising of natives directed against the whites, a purely local affair; and only at the last, I will declare that the republic is unable to maintain order and swing over the army to the House of Braga, and then the Japanese government will recognize the empire under that house and send in her navy. Then when peace is declared your people can come in and colonize the northern part of the country, and the German colonists can settle in the south. After I am dead I don't care who takes the country."

The Jap, who was at least an ardent Japanese patriot, looked at Hernandez with ill-concealed disgust.

"Then it is purely a personal matter with you?" he asked softly.

"Yes, purely a personal matter."

"And what about the ten million milreis of paper currency?" asked the Jap.

"It is already. Not ten million but

With the Renewing of That Deadly Pistol Fire the Colored Fighters Fell Away in Disorder.

fifty million. We will flood the country with this bogus paper money and completely discredit the republic, which will never be able to prove that it did not come from their own presses."

"You are shrewd, Dom Roderigues," commented the Jap with a smile. "You are almost too shrewd. How do I know that you will not double-cross us, as they say in California?"

"But why should I? You cannot take over the government during my lifetime. You do not have the men nor the—the excuse—and after I am dead, what do I care! No, I will not double-cross you. I only specify that the House of Braga be put back on the throne. And then Japan can make for herself a place among the nations by championing empires just as the United States has made a record by championing republics."

LEST the reader might not understand all this, it should be explained, that Hernandez had had some fifty million New Portuguese dollars of paper currency counterfeited, and aimed to scatter it broadcast in order to embarrass the republic, always hard hit for gold currency and in the habit of floating paper at every pretext; and also that it had been agreed between Hernandez and Von Weissman, the German refugee, and Dr. Hishanuma, as representative of the Japanese government, that the House of Braga should be restored to the throne of New Portugal with the understanding that at the death of Prince John, the German colonists should inherit at least a third of the empire, that lying nearest the temperate zone, and Japan more than half to the north, leaving the Bragadistas only a small scrap of territory.

"You asked about arms for your niggers," said the Jap. "Listen then, forty thousand stands of arms of a slightly disused model, are now on their way from Japan, together with five million rounds of ammunition. I will keep you informed as to when they will make this coast. When they do, your man Buenevento or his lieutenants must be ready to receive them. You must make plans for their landing at some quiet point up the coast. I have another thing to ask about. Will the Pampas Indians put on the war paint?"

"They certainly will. I have had agents working among them for nearly a year. Listen——" Hernandez lowered his voice. "On a certain date there will be a total eclipse of the sun. Buen and I have talked the matter over, and unless we change our minds that will be the signal for a general attack upon the whites. The Germans, who are so numerous at the south, will be spared; we have educated the Indians carefully to understand that. Other nationals will be provided for, as I have stated. I will have my army shoot down mercilessly any man of color who attacks them. You see I am not known in any of these affairs. Buen and his big lieutenant, Toussaint Telfair, are the men known in the matter. . . . But I came to ask you especially about the affair at Dr. Hishanuma's house last night. Did that robbery have any political significance? Did Dr. Hishanuma keep any secret papers about his premises?"

"Ah, that I cannot say," replied the Jap. "It is my opinion that he did keep a few state secrets about him, but not anything that would be of much value to his enemies except in a personal way. Dr. Hishanuma is a very clever man, and a brave one, and I doubt if any one could outdo him successfully. He is probably happily engaged in this enterprise at this very moment. As to what papers he might have lost, I will soon know that, as I have sent a man to talk with one of his servants who is in our secrets."

"He was last seen with that young man, Jean Michel," said Hernandez. "That looks bad, because I happen to know that Jean Michel is a spy for the republic."

"Oh, hush," said the Jap with a laugh. "The young man Michel is heart and soul in the cause of the Bragadistas, and is nearer the Marchesa da Sao Vincente than any man in Braganza. You can make me believe many things, but not that this young man is a republican spy."

"And what would you do if you knew absolutely that he was a republican spy?"

"I should have him assassinated within a week," said the Jap, showing his teeth.

"Then here is the proof," and Hernandez drew a paper from his pocket.

CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE John Mitchel, having handcuffed his man, marched him slowly and painfully across the beach to the road, and then slowly down the road over which they had come. He had no more rockets to send up, but he trusted that the one he had sent up had been seen. And just at dawn he heard a faint halloo, and saw four men dragging a motor boat up thru the surf and making gestures to him.

"There are some of our confederates," he said with a smile at the Jap. "You see my messenger got help to us quicker than yours did."

"Mine?"

"Yes, the man you had posted on the back of the car for a bodyguard and who deserted so basely as soon as you were attacked."

Hishanuma looked puzzled and this puzzled Mitchel, because if this man were not put there by the Jap, then it was a question who had put him there and what he was doing there.

In a few minutes the protesting Jap was forced down the beach and into the boat, which was pushed out thru the surf to the open water.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the Jap.

"Oh, we're going to pull your fingernails out one at a time, and when we get thru with your fingernails we are going to begin on your toenails. Then we are going to roast you with a slow fire, and after that probably boil you in oil."

The members of the boat crew were greatly tickled at this speech from their idol, and they looked entirely capable of doing it.

As a matter of fact, they took Hishanuma on board a small brigantine that lay hull down over the horizon from the capital, anchored to a little reef, and there Mitchel met a dozen of his henchmen. Old Pietro was there, and Jehan Doncher, and old Dominique.

The plunderers of Hishanuma's house had made a successful haul, and John Mitchel spent the better part of the day looking over the papers that he had found. Even without the aid of a translater to make sense of the papers that were in Japanese, Mitchel was able to see at once the extent and the ramifications of the plot to overthrow the republic. Here was proof that two Japanese vessels were on their way with fifty thousand stands of arms and several million cartridges and would make their appearance off Pirate Cape within the next few days. Here was a hint that Hernandez was in with the scheme. Here was proof that some one had had printed several million counterfeit milreis. And here was ample proof against most of the Bragadistas, against whom he needed no proof, since he already knew that the one dream of their life was the overthrow of the republic. There were also references to Pampas Indians going on the warpath and negroes of a certain cult taking up arms for the extermination of the white race. Even then, John Mitchel did not realize the full significance of the terrible plot that was forming.

And there was among the papers absolutely not a word that showed who any of the agents among the negroes and Indians were. The name of Hernandez came out, and the names of many prominent royalists, but all these he knew and knew they were not acting openly as go-betweens. For example, a letter addressed to Dr. Hishanuma, said:

> Have your men ready to signal these boats when they arrive off Pirate Cape, and tell them where to stand by for the undoading of arms, and be ready to transport them secretly and swiftly into the interior.

But there was nothing to intimate whom those receivers might be.

One note in particular amused John Michel and made him very angry, and that was the note from the German agent in Berlin to the Japanese government with regard to himself.

"Where did you find most of these papers?" he asked Pietro.

"You would never guess," laughed the old republican. "We found them laid flat on the floor of the main room under a heavy art rug. Clever idea, now, wasn't it?"

"And did any of the servants see you get them?"

"No, sir, they were bound, gagged, and blindfolded, according to your orders."

"Well, Pietro, here is a commission for you. Go into the capital and be all ears, hear all you can and bring me word back tonight. If you have any friends among the officers of the army or the high police officials go to them and learn what they know about this affair or any affair that concerns us. Above all things learn of the whereabouts and activities of this man Hernandez. He is a traitor to our cause, and the worst thing about him is that Maderia believes in him. Learn all you can and come back here to me tonight."

Having delivered this commission, John Mitchel lay down and tried to sleep. He was exhausted, tired to the marrow fo his bones; and yet he could not sleep. Always he thought of Paula, and saw her locked up in some convent by the orders of the Bishop of Bahia, until their wedding could be annulled, or else he musingly dreamed of taking her to far-off America as soon as this fiasco was over, and then defying the House of Braga and all the royalists in the world to try to take her from him. Had he known what fate actually awaited his innocent young wife he would have been unable to sleep indeed. Meanwhile Hishanuma was handcuffed and chained below decks, alone with his thoughts except for the eye of the guard always upon him.

NIGHT came on, and Mitchel awaited impatiently the return of Pietro with news from the city, and for the return of Floyd with possible news from Paula. At midnight Floyd arrived, and Mitchel asked him eagerly for the news.

"There is some trouble at the villa da Sao Vincente," said the boy. "There were guards stationed all round the house—no, not soldiers, servants of the family, I imagine. But I got the letter to the Donna Paula; I tossed it into her very hands."

"And what did she say?"

"She said nothing. I was compelled to move quickly and to escape before I could be discovered, but she has your letter, of that I can assure you."

While the two were still talking Pietro arrived.

"There is an order for your arrest and the arrest of Hishanuma," was the first thing he announced. "The President has learned of your marriage to Donna Paula and is enraged. There is a general order for watching all Japs within the capital. I understand that President Maderia is in a rage with you for marrying Donna Paula, but more so for having been seen with this Hishanuma. I could have put him right upon that head, if I could have gained access to him. But the whole city seems alive with Bragadistas, and

(Continued on Page 22.)

A Wanderer From the Sea

By William Holloway

WE TAKE it the following extract from a letter from Mr. William Holloway, author of "A Wanderer from the Sea," to the editor will prove as interesting to our readers as it was to us. The letter speaks for itself:

As you, of course, know, Hudson was cast adrift by his mutinous crew on June 21, 1611, in the floating ice of Hudson's Bay. Many people have an idea his desertion meant sure death, but he was in a stout shallop, he had arms and ammunition, and there was plenty of wild fowl about him. You know from your own experience in the north just what his chances would be. A couple of Newfoundland fishermen, in like position, would come thru without fail, even in a dory. So that there is no inherent improbability in my story from that point. The Eskimos may have killed him in real life.

There are all sorts of legends about his fate, so that a writer has a certain amount of latitude in regard to him. My idea is that he followed the drift ice out to the Atlantic and then came south with the Arctic current that sweeps thru the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and the mainland. He is obsessed with the desire to see his river—the Hudson—once more, and, driven out of his course by a storm while rounding Nova Scotia, gets flung up the Bay of Fundy as far as Port Royal.

The historical background of Port Royal is accurate, as I have all the documents, and have examined every stone there many times over. Hudson was a sworn foe of piracy. He once dismissed some of the crew of the Half-Moon for piratical purposes.

You will remark that all thru the story I have given instances of the small size of vessels in use at that time. When the Marquis de la Roche crossed the Atlantic, in 1598, his vessel was so small that the crew used to lean over the side and trail their hands in the ocean.

Ever sincerely, WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

"I DO not doubt you have cause to quarrel," began Biencourt, the young seigneur of Port Royal mildly. He looked at the duelists across whose blades his own lay arrestingly. "I chanced to hear the ring of steel and——"

Henri de Chauvin lowered his sword and stared angrily at the intruder.

"This is Port Royal and the American wilderness," he protested.

"And there are no edicts against swordplay in the Americas," broke in his opponent, Victor de Sagan.

Biencourt nodded gravely. "I have issued none—yet," he answered. "When I do they will run here"—he glanced about the little clearing in the forest and at the two adventurers who faced him—"as the King's edicts run in Paris," he added in a quiet tone.

De Sagan shrugged his shoulders indifferently. He was a wisp of a man with yellow hair, who in the lonely Nova Scotian wilderness maintained unchanged the customs of the court of France. His beard was newly scented each morning; his doublet and hose changed many times each day, to the wonder of the savages.

"You are interrupting," he said coldly. "We are in a hurry."

A moment passed as Biencourt stared silently at the young courtiers, whose impromptu duel he had so bruskly halted. But in that moment a quick flicker of anger passed across his face, his clear blue eyes hardened, and an observer might have noticed that his sword hand trembled. Next instant he was master of his emotions as befits a man in charge of a great enterprise.

The three were standing in a little glade amid pines, not half a mile from the French colony of Port Royal. Beneath them lay the great basin which opened into the Bay of Fundy, beyond which was the Atlantic and on its far shore—France. And around them on all sides, broken only by small settlements in Virginia and Quebec, was the savage, untamed wilderness of North America, stretching away and yet away again, as it seemed to Biencourt—endlessly, forever.

"I do not doubt you have cause to quarrel," he repeated.

"It is about Henry Hudson, the English explorer," interrupted De Chauvin hastily, as he wiped his sword upon a mossy rock. "I say he died of starvation in the great inland sea where the mutineers left him."

"Nonsense!" stormed De Sagan. "He had arms and ammunition. It was June and there were birds and animals by thousands, not to speak of fish. What happened was that the red savages scalped him!"

"Sapristi!" was De Chauvin's derisive comment. "What were his firearms for?"

"Maybe he did not use them," said De Sagan with sudden softness. "Maybe that sunny day last June when his men turned faithless he no longer cared to live. When one of these great ones sees his dream go up in smoke——" He waved his hand expressively.

Great names have the power of awaking echoes. Now as Biencourt stood in the tiny glade it seemed as tho the very air were vibrating with the memory of the famous English explorer, the story of whose passing had been the sensational news of the winter before.

There had been a great deal of discussion of that same story in the hall of the seigneurie, during the months just ended. For one thing, Hudson was an adventurer—and was not Port Royal an adventure, too?

Then the strange mystery of his fate, which the surviving mutineers, safe in a London gaol, could not clear up—here was a question which had bred more than one quarrel among the hot-headed garrison of Port Royal.

"It is a worthy cause for disagreement," declared Biencourt. "But there is a reason why it should go no further. A danger threatens the colony, and your swords may soon be needed for sterner work. Will you sheath them now?"

The duelists surveyed each other questioningly; next instant their swords rang home in their scabbards, and Biencourt stepped forward with outstretched hands. "I cannot tell you more now," said he. "It is a secret for the present. There might be a panic if we mentioned it among the men. One thing you may know: it is our urgent duty to see to the defenses of the fort at once."

De Chauvin smiled thoughtfully. "It is not the English for we have had peace with them for many years; neither can it be the Spaniard. Therefore, it must be the red savages." He hummed a chanson much in vogue ten years before when he had been a page at the court of Henry the Fourth of France, the little Bearnais still known affectionately to his mourning followers as Henry of Navarre. "If we had some excitement here two good friends would not quarrel about nothing," he said finally.

Biencourt nodded with satisfaction as he saw the friendly response in De Sagan's eyes. He himself was worn with the toils of the preceding winter, when he had exhausted all his energy in keeping up the courage of the starving colonists; and he understood how De Sagan and his friend, unfitted as they were for the forest life he cared for, might well have suffered more than they were willing to admit. In a fit of absent-mindedness he began humming De Chauvin's chanson, then paused abruptly.

De Chauvin, his eyes shaded with his hands, was peering down the basin toward the entrance where the Bay of Fundy came in between high cliffs. "A small vessel of some sort," he said quietly.

Biencourt shaded his eyes in turn to gaze at the portentious sight. It was not the supply ship they were expecting from France, for the sail was too small. For the same reason it could not be one of the fur poachers, with whom, as with the pirates of the coast, his naval commission obliged him to wage constant warfare. And other than one of these three, or fishers from St. Malo, there could be no vessel in American waters.

There was a puzzled look on his face as he walked hastily back to the fort, followed at an interval by the two others. The colony perched on high ground overlooking Annapolis Basin, consisted of a large quadrangle of buildings, surrounding a broad courtyard. On the east side were the magazines and storehouses; on the west, quarters for the men of the garrison; on the south, the ovens, the forge and the kitchen; on the north, the great hall of the seigneurie and the private apartments of the seigneur and those of importance in the colony.

On the southwest corner a solid bastion with four cannon overlooked the water; at the southeast an arched gateway, carved above with the arms of France, circled with laurels, and flanked by the scutcheon of the Seigneur of Port Royal, led by a short pathway, to the shore. As Biencourt drew near, the pathway began to fill with men drawn by the selfsame phenomenon that had startled him.

"A Danger Threatens the Colony, and Your Swords May Soon Be Needed for Sterner Work."

Marc Lescarbot, poet, lawyer, farmer and historian, came running, still revolving in his mind a quatrain he was writing in honor of Marie de Medici, the Queen Mother. Behind him was the battle-scarred Imbert, pirate of ancient days, if rumor told truth, and easily the best sword in the colony, followed by Father Biard, justly esteemed a prophet from having foretold to the starving colonists the arrival of the supply ship the previous winter. And behind these again, streamed the motley array of the rank and file, adventurers one and all.

NO WONDER talk ran high! Since the supply ship had arrived five months before, these men had had no communication with the outside world. And now, on a sudden, a sail! There would be brave talk tonight in the great hall of the seigneurie! Talk of Paris and the court and their wonderful mother, France, three thousand miles across the wild Atlantic!

"A very small boat to cross the Atlantic!" cried Imbert on a sudden. "A shallop with two sails!" He shook his head. "I misdoubt me if she come from France."

"Why not?" asked Lescarbot quickly. "Four years ago I left Port Royal—no, it was five years ago; in 1607—for Canso, four hundred miles away; and the young seigneur's father and Champlain joined me there, after coming the whole distance in a small boat. And two years ago was not the Baron de Poutrincourt five weeks in reaching Port Royal in an open boat from Le Have, having been out of sight of land for six days? And yonder shallop is three times the size of those boats."

"Maybe; maybe," admitted Imbert grudgingly. "Her mainsail is of good size, and her jib draws well." He peered curiously at the oncoming shallop. "She is English built," he added suddenly. "You can tell by her lines."

A momentary cloud fell over the faces of the listeners; then they grew bright again. After all, England was only a few short miles from France and in constant touch with it across the Channel. The Englishmen were likely to have a budget of news, and being Englishmen they must receive the best of Port Royal's hospitality, if only for the honor of France.

Lescarbot, the poet, was excited by the prospect. "I will hear, perchance, from my old friends at the Mermaid Tavern," he cried gleefully. "When I was in London we had many a merry meeting, and Master Will Shakespeare and his friend, Ben Johnson, drank many a health to the poets of France, not acknowledging," he added bashfully, "that I was not worthy to be mentioned in the list. Ay, ay, a great land! And a great people!"

Victor de Sagan lifted his black eyebrows. "Think you the shallop came from England with only one man in her crew?" he asked.

The crowd upon the shore gazed with one accord once more seaward. The shallop had drawn nearer now and it was possible to see only one man in her—the helmsman; possible also to note strange patches upon her sides and about her bow, and stranger bits of mending upon her faded sails. As she came closer to the landing, moving swiftly under the practiced hand of the steersman, her timbers showed scraped and battered as tho from rough handling.

Few, except sailors by profession, such as Imbert, noticed this, all eyes being eagerly bent upon the lonely occupant of this strange vessel now approaching.

He was an old man of perhaps 70, of patriarchial aspect, dressed in a rough costume of shaggy blue cloth. On his long snowy hair rested a fur cap with earmuffs attached; a long, white beard swept his breast. His nose, large and craggy of aspect, sprang from a face wnich wind and weather had painted a dull red; his clear blue eyes had the inward look of the dreamer of great visions; there was about him an air of command, of resolution, of dauntless courage not often found in company with eyes such as his—an observer of men would have said that here was a man who, despite the roughness of his dress, had been a master among his fellows.

Biencourt, a judge of men whether in the wilderness or at court, stepped forward as the stranger came upon the landing, the plumes of his hat sweeping the planks in welcome. In a word he named himself and waited.

There was a little pause. Then the newcomer spoke slowly in English. "I, gentles all, am an Englishman. I voyage to find my river."

The young seigneur of Port Royal in turn spoke English, hesitating a little over some of the strange sounds. "A river? You have a river? I do not understand."

The old man drew himself up with a look of inexpressible dignity. "A river that flows thru a sunny land! As I grow older I long to see it again. Wherefore, young sir, and gentles all, I journey in search of my river."

"I see," cried Biencourt, sorely puzzled. "But how did you find us here?"

"For two days the southeast gale has driven the shallop back. I came here to refit my vessel. And after that I go to seek my river."

"My men will give you of our slender stores," Biencourt promised. "And tonight we will offer you a worthy wel-

come in the great hall of the seigneurie, and hear news of your great England and our mother, France."

"And we will talk Will Shakespeare's tongue and tell stories of the Mermaid Tavern," cried Lescarbot in excellent English. "And you will tell us of Cheapside, and strange things that happen near Blackfriars."

"The Mermaid?" repeated the stranger. He shook his head slowly and passed his hand across his forehead. "I go to seek my river," he said with an air of finality.

All present looked at each other pityingly. The old Englishman was mad, quite mad! Yet this did not detract from the pomp with which he was presently conducted in procession to the great hall of the seigneurie. Lescarbot, who acted as master of ceremonies, leading the way with an imposing air, Biencourt, advancing by the stranger's side, and De Chauvin and De Sagan, with a brass astrolabe, such as mariners use in navigating, which had been taken from the shallop, bringing up the rear. Nor did it prevent the good-natured Frenchmen from vieing with each other in offering dainties for his luncheon from their rather scanty stores.

The old sailor—for the astrolabe had definitely placed him—smiled pleasantly at their attentions; smiled, too, as men entered bearing the arquebuses and ammunition they had found in the shallop, and laid the store of weapons beside him; but he did not offer to speak. So that Biencourt, judging him to be travel-worn and weary, soon pressed upon him the hospitality of his own sleeping chamber behind the great hall, where after some minutes, he fell fast asleep.

Biencourt stood by the pile of weapons in the hall, idly fingering the astrolabe. Whence the wandering Englishman had come he could not guess, but the numerous weapons spoke convincingly of companions, just as the battered shallop told of a long and stormy journey. What had happened in the mysterious past out of which the madman had emerged he had no means of knowing, but there was that in his face which hinted tragedy.

He lifted the heavy astrolabe in his hands and ran his eyes over its brass surface. At the lower end were two letters scratched upon the metal surface, the initials, evidently, of the owner's name. Here was a lucky chance which might assist in finding the stranger's friends. He had turned the instrument in his hands the better to observe the lettering, when there came a sudden interruption.

Imbert, the battle-scarred, entered the room. His face was very grave; the black eyebrows, which helped to give his face its look of sternness, were drawn down in a portentious frown. "The pirate ship!" he said abruptly.

Biencourt lowered the astrolabe to the floor. "Two days sooner than we expected from what the Indians told us!" he ejaculated. He looked questioningly at the other. "Are you sure?"

"Sure of her? Sure of the old brigantine Sea Foam?" cried the old pirate in amaze. "Why, lad, I made two voyages to the Spanish Main in that very vessel years ago. And a faster ship or one that lies closer to the wind I never saw. Old Jean Santerne that had her then, is dead, and I hear new people own her."

For a moment Biencourt looked grave. The coming of the pirate ship, of which the Indians on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia had, not long since, warned him, and of which he had hinted to de Chauvin and de Sagan an hour before, would probably spell disaster to Port Royal. The four cannon on the bastion would be no match for the heavy pieces of the rover, neither could the small force at his disposal hope to make head against a landing party. But if Port Royal went down it could at least fight to the last gasp and die smiling! Wherefore Biencourt once more hummed de Cauvin's chanson as he went out into the sunshine.

This time the inhabitants of Port Royal had not taken the pathway to the shore. This was no shallop, easily the prey of the fort's cannon, but a large brigantine with portholes from which could dimly be descried the projection of pieces of ordnance of some size. Until her mission had been ascertained it behooved the colonists to prepare for defense. Therefore, they were gathered on the bastion.

In a few words Biencourt explained the situation. The buccaneers, who were then creating such a stir upon the Spanish Main, seldom came as far north as Nova Scotia. But it had happened that the brigantine, Sea Foam, had been driven on the coast by a hurricane, and her crew, hearing of Port Royal's position from the Indians, had determined to make a raid upon the colony. There would undoubtedly be an attack, Biencourt affirmed. They must meet it and repulse it as men fighting for their homes.

There was a ripple of applause as the motley group of farmers and artizans, of professional men and gentlemen adventurers, who made up the population of Port Royal, began one and all to look to their weapons. Arquebuses were hastily cleaned, swords polished, pikes brought from their position in the guardroom. Victor de Sagan, who was an artillerist of note, was looking to the sighting of the cannon when a shot from the rover suddenly grazed the edge of the bastion and was lost in the forest, where its course could be marked by the crash of splintered trees.

Other shots presently followed, without, however, doing damage, and then the cannon on the bastion answered, de Sagan smiling grimly as the white splinters of the hull told him that the shot had gone home. Once more the Parisian dandy fired, and once again there came a crash as the solid ball tore into the rover's waist. Then, evidently not caring for the iron medicine he was receiving, the pirate luffed and drew slowly out of range.

Imbert surveyed this maneuver with a puzled face. "That is not the way we fought in the old days," he said. "Why, old Pierre Euston would have thrown his men ashore if it had been necessary to run his ship aground; and in ten minutes he would have climbed up the bastion, his sword between his teeth. But now!" He shook his head in melancholy reflection upon the decadence of his ancient craft.

"She is signalling," cried de Chauvin excitedly. "See the man in the red cap?"

FROM the high poop of the pirate ship there fluttered a white flag, very fair and delicate against the dark mass of her hull and rigging; from her side a small boat, rowed by two seamen, and protected in the bow by a second white flag, began to move it slowly toward the fort.

"A parley!" was Biencourt's comment. "He has tried his range and finds that his guns do not outmatch ours. Now he comes to spy out our weakness." He turned to Imbert. "Blindfold the tall man in the stern and bring him to me. The others must stay in the boat."

Minute followed minute and the boat crept slowly over the water. A hush fell over the watchers on the bastion as the pirates drew near. Their red caps, their fantastic doublets of green and blue velvet, the plunder doubtless of some rich Spanish merchantman, the red sashes of heavy silk into which were stuck an arsenal of daggers and of pistols, the reckless daring that spoke from their sunburned faces were all sign marks of the dreaded buccaneer.

The man in the stern, tall even in sitting posture, was of a different type, being clad in a buff jerkin of much worn leather entirely without adornment. Across his knees lay a long sword and on his head was a battered steel morion that was in odd contrast to the fanciful silk caps of his companions. From beneath grizzled eyebrows a pair of quick brown eyes looked good-humoredly upon the world.

The boat was nearing the landing now, the pirates rowing lightly on their oars, the steersman guiding its course under Imbert's watchful direction as it drew near the shallows. The white

(Continued on Page 12.)

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

DEAR READERS: I might have been a very ill Victoria Grey today but experience preserved me this time. It was last Tuesday. I had spent a very busy day, so much so that I had gone without my lunch, which is for the most part very simple but very regular. Along toward 3 o'clock I had occasion to pass a store where light luncheons were served, and having a few minutes then, I stopped. I ordered a cup of coffee and an olive and nut sandwich, a creation made with fresh bread, chopped olives and walnuts, a lettuce leaf and plenty of mayonnaise salad dressing. When my sandwich was served to me, I noticed that the triangular shaped cuts had tiny black deposits along the edges of the bread. I glanced up at the gentleman in white who was preparing the sandwiches and I saw that his knife was so corroded by the acid in the salad dressing that it was perfectly black all around the sharp edge. There he stood cutting sandwiches without so much as touching them with his fingers, yet, far worse, leaving this deadly ptomaine poisoning on every sandwich. Of course I did not eat mine. Furthermore, I knew that every one who would eat those sandwiches would be very ill. Consequently I lost no time in letting the city health commissioner know about it.

The corrosion that forms on steel or iron or tin is deadly. Not long ago, a young woman, who lived in the neighborhood in which I live and who had broken her ankle and had been laid up for some weeks, sent out for some chop-suey. It was served to her in a large covered dish and she ate some of it with a silver-plated fork. She left the fork in the dish and later in the evening uncovered it and ate of it again. That night she died of ptomaine poisoning. It wasn't the chop-suey. That

(Concluded on Page 26.)

YOUR SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Prunes
Cereal and Cream
Omelet
Toast Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Beef a la Mode
Mashed Potatoes
Waldorf Salad
Rice Pudding

SUPPER.

Corn Souffle
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce
Cookies

Omelet.

2 eggs.
1 tablespoon milk.
⅛ teaspoon salt.
Pinch of red or black pepper.

Beat the yolks of the eggs until they are light and creamy. Add the milk and seasoning. Beat the whites until stiff. Cut them into the yolks. Heat an omelet pan and rub it all over with a teaspoon of butter, using a knife to do it. Turn into it the omelet, spread it evenly on the pan. When the omelet is set put it into the oven to dry slightly on the top for a few minutes. Fold it and turn it upon a heated dish. Serve immediately. Chopped parsley, cheese, meat or jelly may be placed in the center of the dish before it is folded or before the whites are put in. An omelet must be cooked by moderate heat.

Corn Souffle.

Heat one pint of milk. Stirr into it three-quarters of a cup of cornmeal and a little butter. Beat into this the previously beaten yolks of four eggs and then the whites which have been beaten separately. Butter baking dish, pour in the cornmeal mixture and cook twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once.

Beef a la Mode.

One and a quarter pounds of beefsteak.
Two or three slices of fat bacon.
One turnip.
Small bunch of herbs.
Vinegar.
One tablespoonful of flour.
Two carrots.
Two onions.
One tablespoonful of dripping.
Seasoning.

Baste the steak with a little vinegar and leave it to soak in it. Cut the bacon into fairly small pieces, and put them at the bottom of a stewpan or casserole. Put in the meat, and add the vegetables, cut small, the vinegar, and herbs and seasoning. Pour in enough water nearly to cover. Put on the lid, and let the contents of the pan simmer gently for two to two and a half hours. Then press the vegetables thru a sieve and return to the pan.

Melt the fat in a small saucepan, and stir in the flour (maize, pea, oat, or barley flour), and add liquor from the stewpan to make a sauce of the consistency you want. Season to taste.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S WEEKLY ECONOMY CALENDAR

TIME TO MEND

WITH some people the time to mend always seems to be a few hurried moments after a garment has been selected for wear and has been found lacking in important buttons, or ripped or torn. There are men who never think of asking to have buttons sewed on or any mending done until just as they are about to put on the defective garment. In fact the convenient time for putting on a coat button sometimes seems to be after the coat is donned. But for the housewife there is a certain annoyance in being hailed from breakfast getting to sew on a missing shirt button or to pull together a hole in a desired pair of stockings.

Obviously the time to mend clothing is before the clothing goes into the bureau drawers. And obviously, too, all clothing after it is returned from the laundry should be thoroly inspected for need of mending. This should be done with as much promptness as possible, so, if you have a regular Monday wash day with a Tuesday afternoon for ironing, mending will come Wednesday. Whatever your regular washing day, have a regular time to mend also.

The woman who does her own ironing has the advantage here. She can inspect the articles as she irons and can set those aside that need a little mending here and there. It is not a bad idea to have a mending box containing the essentials of mending in your laundry or kitchen on ironing day and to replace missing buttons and to take necessary small stitches by way of resting from ironing. Then you will know that all the clothes that come from the laundry are in condition for bureau drawers. Only those that need some elaborate attention need be held back for more detailed mending.

When Washing Overalls.

WHEN washing overalls soak several hours in cold, clear water. Then lay them on the washboard and scrub with kitchen scrubbing brush. You will find the labor greatly reduced and the color will remain fast thru a good many washings. No soap is required except for grease. Rinse and hang in shade dripping, after a good shaking. They will dry smooth.

Chocolate Almonds.

BLANCH Jordan almonds, dry them between towels, then strew over a baking sheet and place in a medium hot oven until delicately browned. When cold dip one at a time into melted chocolate. Drop them on a clean baking sheet to harden.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHEN YOU HAVE ACCEPTED

THE well-bred person regards an invitation accepted as involving an obligation that is almost sacred. He does not think of getting out of this obligation simply because of his own personal inconvenience. To say after you have accepted a friend's invitation "It would be more convenient to come later. Let's postpone the time," is inconsiderate and crude. In the first place you show a lack of appreciation in wishing to put it off, you show lack of consideration in asking the friend to change his own plans and presumption in assuming if you do not come at the first date set that you will be welcomed later.

There are several things that may occur after you have accepted an invitation that may seem like sufficient excuse to beg to be excused. You may have accepted an invitation to a holiday dinner, for instance, and some relatives whom you have not counted on seeing may let you know that they intend to pay you a visit at that time. The relatives may be old or rather timid, and you hate to write telling them not to come. When the holiday falls at a week-end the matter is simplified. You may then quite easily write to your relatives that as you have accepted an invitation for the holiday dinner with friends on Sunday you will observe your own home celebration on Monday. If they wish to arrive at your house in advance the only thing you can do is to leave some provision for them at home while you go and keep your dinner engagement.

However, in many cases you may be urged to take your guest with you. If you have a single guest you may let your hostess know of this fact and if she urges you to bring the house guest with you you need not hesitate to do so.

WHAT READERS ASK.

A friend of mine borrowed a book from me several months ago. Would it be rude of me to remind her to return it?

Surely you can do this in a way that will not seem rude. If you hint about it and make some veiled remark about lending books you will be much more apt to give offense than if you ask your friend frankly if he has finished the book. Perhaps you have another friend who wants to read it, or perhaps you want to refer to the book again. Courteously tell your friend so, assuring him that he is welcome to the book if he has not yet finished reading it.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

HERMIONE

HERMIONE, that euphonius and poetic name which has recently received new vogue as a feminine title, had its origin in the Greek. It come from "Hermes," that swift and eloquent messenger of Zeus and favorite of all the gods thruout Greece. "Hermes," in turn, is popularly supposed to have its derivation in the Greek word meaning "earth" and hence, the significance of Hermione, which is "refuge," can be delicately traced.

A long catalog of famous Greeks bore names derived from "Hermes." The first of its feminine interpretations found in the English language was "Hermia, Shakespeare's Athenian maiden."

Hermione in ancient legend, was the wife of Cadmus, founder of Thebes and shared his transformation into a serpent. Another Hermione was the daughter of Helen and Menelaus, and at first the wife of Neoplotemus, tho afterward married to Oretes, and heroine of a tragedy of Euripides where she was the jealous persecutor of the enslaved Andromache. Shakespeare calls the heroine of his "Winter's Tale," Hermione, and the name appears again as the mysterious ancestress of Anne of Geirstein, in whom Sir Walter Scott reproduced the legend of the demon mother of the fierce Angevin kings; Hermione is also immortalized in "The Fortunes of Nigel."

The Italian name Erminia is believed to have been derived from Hermione and certainly the French Hermine has the same origin. The Welsh have a form of Hermione which they spell E-r-m-i-n. It is from this latter that the English name Emma is derived.

Those who read with appreciation one of the leading present-day humorists will straightway connect Hermione with the "if you get what I mean" phrase that has swept the country in the past few years. This humorous gentleman no doubt chose the name Hermione for his dilletante heroine as a satire upon the high order of mentality which has always been assigned to the Hermiones of history. Even the poet's tribute to Hermione exalts her intellect rather than her beauty:

"I have a wife and she is wise,
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek:
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has published a book with a dreary name;
And yet (God bless her) is mild and meek."

Iolite is Hermione's jewel, signifying strength of character. Worn by the bearer of the name, it insures clarity of vision and good judgment. Thursday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

Next Week: ALICE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 9 and 26

Continuing the Old-time Pirate Yarn

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

CHAPTER XXX (Continued).

I HEARD her cry out, and barely caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. The hatchet struck the deck with a sharp clang, and I felt the frightened clasp of the girl's fingers on my sleeve. Yet I scarcely realized these things, my entire attention focused on what was now revealed within the chest.

At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket, and holding it where the full glare of light fell across the grewsome object. Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs doubled back from lack of space, but otherwise lying as tho she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her lips half smiling.

It was a face of real beauty—an English face, altho her eyes and hair were dark, and her mantilla, and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very contrast added immeasurably to the horror.

"She is alive! Surely she is alive?" the words were sobbed into my ear, trembling from Dorothy's lips, as tho she could barely utter them. I stared into her face, the sight of her terror arousing me from stupor.

"Alive! No, that is impossible!" and conquering a repugnance, such as I had never before experienced, I touched the figure with my hand. "The flesh is like stone," I said "thus held lifelike by some magic of the Indies. I have heard of such skill but never before realized its perfection. Good God! she actually seems to breathe. What can it all mean? Who could the woman be? And why should her body be thus carried about at sea. Is it love, or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffrey. Love would never do this thing. It is hate, the gloating of revenge; there can be no other answer—this is the end of a tragedy."

"The truth of which will never be known."

"Are you sure? Is there nothing hidden with her in there to tell who she was, or how she died?"

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The smile on those parted lips had become one of mockery; I could bear the sight no longer, and rose to my feet, clasping Dorothy close to me, as she still gazed down in fascination at the ghastly sight.

"We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Paradilla?"

"Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he alone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can learn, and the horror unnerves me. Hold the light, dear, while I replace the lid of the chest."

It required my utmost effort to accomplish this, yet I succeeded in sliding the heavy covering back inch by inch, until it fell finally into place. I was glad to have the thing hidden, to escape the stare of those fixed eyes, the death smile of those red lips. It was no longer a reality, but a dream of delirium; I dare not think, or speculate—my only desire being to get away, to get Dorothy away.

My eyes swept about thru the confusing shadows, half expecting to be confronted by other ghosts of the past, but all they encountered were the indistinct outlines of casks and boxes, and the hideous hairy figure of the ape, outstretched upon the deck. The candle fluttered in the girl's shaking hand, the yellow glare forming weird reflections, ugly shapes along the wall. God! what if it should go out, leaving us lost and groping about in this chamber of horrors? In absolute terror I drew her with me to the open door—then stopped, paralyzed; the half revealed figure of a man appeared on the cabin stairs.

"Stop! who are you?"

"Watkins, sir. I came below to call you. There's sumthin' bloomin' odd takin' place out there in the fog, Captain Carlyle. We want yer on deck, sir, right away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BOAT ATTACK.

HE WAITED for us just without the companion, but my eyes caught nothing unusual as I emerged into the daylight. I could barely see amidships, but thus far the deck was clear, and on either side hung the impenetrable bank of cloud, leaving sea and sky invisible. Simmes was at the wheel, with no other member of the crew in sight.

"What is it, Watkins? Where are the men?"

"Forrard, sir, a hangin' over the starboard rail. Thar's somethin' cursedly strange a happenin' in that damn fog. Harwood was the first ter hear the clatter ov en oar slippin' in a rowlock. I thought the feller wus crazy, till I heerd sumthin' also, an' then, sir, while we wus still a listenin' we both caught sound ov a Spanish oath, spoke as plain as if the buck was aboard."

"You saw nothing?"

"Not so much as a shadder, sir."

"A lost boat, likely—ship-wrecked sailors adrift in the fog; perhaps our other quarter-boat. No one hailed them?"

"No, sir; I told the men ter keep still till I called you. It might be a cuttin'-out party; this ain't no coast fer any honest sailors ter be huggin' up to, an' I didn't like that feller talkin' Spanish."

"But if their purpose is to take us by surprise," I said, "they'd be more cautious about it."

"Maybe they didn't know how near they was. 'Tain't likely they kin see us much better'n we kin see them. The sea's got an ugly swell to it, an' the feller likely cussed afore he thought. Enyhow it wa'n't my place ter hail 'em."

"All right; where are they?"

"Straight off the starboard quarter, sir."

The crew were all gathered there, staring out into the mist, whispering to each other. Even they were indistinct, their faces unrecognizable, until I pressed my way in among them. I brought up beside Harwood.

"Hear anything more?"

"Not yet, sir," peering about to make sure of who spoke, "but there's a boat out yonder; I'll swear to that."

"How far away when you heard them?"

"Not mor'n fifty fathoms, an' maybe not that—the voice sounded clearest."

We may have been clinging there, a minute or two, breathlessly listening, our hands tensely gripping the rail. My coming had silenced the others, and we waited motionless, the stillness so intense I could hear the lapping of waves against the side, and the slight creak of a rope aloft. Then a voice spoke directly in front of me out from the dense fog, a peculiar, penetrating voice, carrying farther than the owner probably thought, and distinctly audible.

"Try the port oar, Pedro; we must have missed the damn ship."

I straightened up as tho struck, my eyes seeking those of Harwood, who stared back at me, his mouth wide open in astonishment. He also had heard.

"You heard that?" I whispered. "Do you know who spoke?"

"By God, do I? Dead, or alive, sir, it was Manuel Estevan."

"Ay; no otner, and alive enough no doubt. Lads, come close to me, and listen—they must not hear us out there. By some devil's trick the Namur has followed our course, or else yonder are a part of his crew cast away. They clearly know of us—perhaps had a glimpse thru some rift in the cloud—and are seeking to board with a boat party. 'Tis not likely those devils know who we are; probably take us for a merchant ship becalmed in the fog, and liable to become an easy prey, if they can only slip up on us unseen. How are you, bullies? Ready to battle your old mates?"

"Those were no mates o' ours, sir," said Watkins indignantly. "They are half-breed mongrels, and no sailors; Estevan is a hell-hound, an' so far as my voice goes, I'd rather die on this deck than ever agin be a bloody pirate. Is that the right word, lads?"

The others grumbled assent, but their muttered words had in them a ring of sincerity, and their faces exhibited no cowardice. Harwood alone asked a question.

"I'm fer fightin', sir," he said grimly, "but what'll we use? Them lads ain't comin' aboard bare-handed, but damn if I've seen a weapon on this hooker."

"Dar's three knives, an' a meat cleaver in der galley, sah," chimed in Sam.

"We'll do well enough; some of you have your sheath knives yet, and the rest can use belaying pins, and capstan bars. The point is to not let them get aboard, and, if there is only one boat, we will be pretty even-handed. Pick up what you can, and man this rail—quietly now, hearties, and keep your eyes open."

IT PROVED a longer wait than I expected. The fog gave us no glimpse of the surrounding water, and not another sound enabled us to locate the approaching boat. I felt convinced we had not been overheard, as no one had spoken above a whisper, and the men aboard had been noiseless in their movements about deck. I had compelled Dorothy to remain on the port side of the cabin, removed from all danger, and the only upright figure in sight was the man at the wheel. The rest of us crouched along the starboard rail, peering out into the mist, and listening for the slightest sound.

They were a motely crew, armed with every conceivable sort of knife or war club, but sturdy fellows, ready and willing enough to give a good account of themselves. Watkins was forward, swallowed up in the smother of mist, but Schmitt held a place next me, a huge, ungainly figure in the dull light. So still it was I began to doubt having heard the voice at all—could it have been imagination? But no; that was impossible, for the sound had reached all of us alike. Somewhere out yonder, that boat was creeping along silently, seeking blindly thru the fog to reach our side unobserved—those Wolves of the Sea had the scent.

I do not know how long the suspense lasted, but I have never felt a greater strain on my nerves. Every deeper shadow increased the tension, imagination playing strange tricks, as I stared fixedly into the void, and trembled at the slightest sound. Once I was sure I heard the splash of an oar, but no one on deck spoke, and I remained silent. The faint creaking of a rope aloft caused my heart to thump, and when a loosened edge of canvas slapped the mast in a sudden breath of air, it sounded to me like a burst of thunder. Where were the fellows? Had they abandoned their search, confused by the fog; or were they still stealthily seeking to locate our position? Could there be more than one boat, and if not what force of men might such a boat contain? These questions never left me, and were alike unanswerable.

Unable to withstand inaction any longer I arose to my feet, thinking to pass down the line with a word of encouragement to each man. A glance upward told me the heavy mist was passing, driven away by a light breeze from the south. Thru the thick curtain which still clung to the deck, I could perceive the upper spars, already tipped with sunlight, and edges of reefed canvas flapping in the wind. The schooner felt the impulse, the bow swinging sharply to port, and I turned and took a few steps aft, thinking to gauge our progress by the wake astern. I was abaft the cabin on the port side when Dorothy called my name—a sudden accent of terror in her voice.

The alarm was sounded none too soon. Either fortune, or skill had served those demons well. Gliding silently thru the obscuring cloud, hanging in dense folds of vapor to the water surface, propelled and guided by a single oar, used cautiously as a paddle, they had succeeded in circling the stern of the Santa Maria, unseen and unheard by any one aboard. Not even the girl, unconscious of the possibility of approaching danger from that quarter, her attention diverted elsewhere, had her slightest suspicion aroused as they glided noiselessly alongside, and made fast beneath the protection of the after-chains.

This story will be concluded in next week's Ledger.

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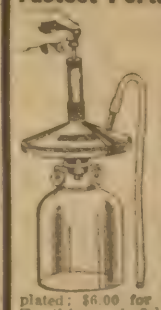

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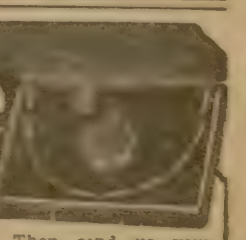

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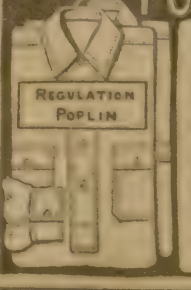

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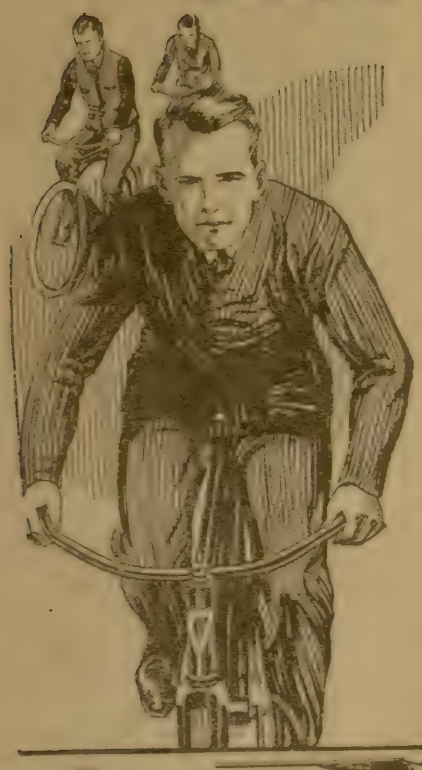

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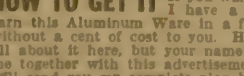

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A Wanderer From the Sea

(Continued From Page 9)

cloth, which had served as a flag of truce, fluttered bravely in the bow.

The pirates drew in their oars, the nose of the boat ran lightly up the beach, and the tall man in the stern looked up under the frowning bastion. "I'm Hardy of the Sea Foam," he said briefly. "I want to talk under the flag of truce. Are you willing?"

"You can come ashore," declared Imbert without hesitation. "The men stay in the boat. If you want to talk to the seigneur you will have to be blindfolded."

The pirate chief, who had spoken in tolerable good French, looked quickly about him, at the red scars upon Imbert's face, at the group of colonists waiting above, and at the long shadow of the bastion that gave the landing an atmosphere of cavelike seclusion. "Safe conduct?" he asked.

Imbert nodded, and without a word the tall man stepped upon the sandy shore, sword in hand, a warlike figure in his battered harness. Five minutes later Imbert removed the bandage from his eyes in the hall of the seigneurie.

In the high black chair of state, where the seigneur of Port Royal sat to judge his vassals, lounged Biencourt de Poutrincourt, vice admiral for the King of France, and, as such, sworn foe to all freebooters of the sea. He wore a hat and carried a drawn sword across his knees.

The pirate leader, who seemed even taller within doors than he had seemed without, strode up the hall until he stood in front of the chair of state. "I am here, Sir Seigneur," he said curtly, speaking in broken French, "under the protection of the white flag, to demand the surrender of your fortress and all its treasure."

"You are a bold man," commented Biencourt with approval. "But you waste your time. I hold this fort for France, and there is no treasure here. So begone! Lest worse than has already been, should overtake your vessel," he added sharply .

The pirate leader gazed about him with a scornful smile, noting the chairs of stamped Spanish leather, the gold-embroidered velvet covering that hung from the large table, the silver service on an ebony tray that stood at the young seigneur's elbow.

"Content you; there is enough," he answered easily. "Not the pickings of Nombre de Dios or Panama, or any other of the Spanish ports, maybe; but enough! So, Sir Seigneur, I wait your surrender. My long culverin has not yet spoken from the Sea Foam," he added. "When it does——" He shrugged his shoulders. "The ball weighs twenty pounds and Felipe, my gunner, serves his piece well."

Biencourt listened with a frown. A long culverin, with a ball of twenty pounds and a range far beyond that of the cannon on the bastion, was something that boded ill for the garrison of Port Royal. Nevertheless, he slowly but decidedly shook his head.

"We hold Port Royal for France," he said simply. "My men will blindfold you once more, so get you gone and see what your culverin will do for you. If it does no more than your wits have done there will be small need of worry in Port Royal."

The rover leaned back and laughed—a free, careless laugh that bespoke genuine amusement. "You talk boldly, Sir Seigneur," he said after a moment. "That is your duty as master of this fortress. And mine, as master of the Sea Foam, is to tell you that it is foolish to waste lives. We have no quarrel with France. And to destroy your settlement would give us scant pleasure. Yet must I point out to you that we rovers of the sea have strict principles. For example ——"

"Yes?" Biencourt interrupted. "For example?"

"That silver service seems over massy for use in this wilderness; the velvet hangings too rich. It is ever the duty of the true buccaneer to discourage such idle display. Therefore, I warn you that these things must be accounted for in the settlement we are going to make."

There was such a whimsical look on the freebooter's face that Biencourt could scarcely restrain a laugh. And the present was surely no time for laughter. The Sea Foam, according to her captain, boasted a long culverin, the thought of which was alone enough to discourage levity. Besides, Biencourt did not altogether like the pirate's manner. It was entirely too unconcerned; he seemed too confident of the success of his mission.

It was very still in the great hall as Biencourt gazed searchingly at the tall form of the pirate chief. Viewed closely, he made an even finer figure of a man than at first sight. Magnificently muscled, he set off his leather costume to perfection; his language was that of a man of some position in the world; evidently, as was so often the case with the rovers of the sea, the captain of the Sea Foam was a man with an interesting past.

For a moment Biencourt thought rapidly. The freebooter was without doubt one of those seamen who, after one false step, seek refuge in piracy. This made him the more dangerous. An ordinary vile ruffian could have been, perhaps, overawed; or, it might be, bribed. This man must be treated differently.

"Look you, Sir Rover," said Biencourt, "here are no treasures such as you find upon the Spanish Main. Port Royal is a company of adventurers, who hold the wilderness for France. And we pay tribute to no one. A little red wine now —wine of Bordeaux—that we will gladly give, but that is all."

"We are laden with better wine—wine of Xeres," smiled the pirate. "Yet will I drink a goblet ere I go, if ye have a mind to offer it."

The wine was brought in a large silver goblet, delicately enchased with a figure of old Silenus, wine bag in hand, supported on either side by a grinning satyr. The pirate turned it slowly in his hand to examine the chasing; then he lifted it aloft.

"There comes a time, Sir Signeur, when we all reach the bottom of the cup of life," he said, a trifle morosely. "I drink to the memory of the great captains who have finished their glass—to Grenville, to Hawkins, to Frobisher, to Hudson." He quaffed deeply, then turned the goblet upside down and watched the last few drops trickle on the floor. "I knew them all," he nodded shortly; "I sailed with Hudson."

"Knew them," cried Biencourt, his face kindling at mention of the great English captains. "You knew those great ones? You sailed with Hudson?"

The master of the Sea Foam nodded. "Hawkins and Frobisher I knew in Plymouth years ago tho I never voyaged on one of their vessels. But I was page to old Sir Richard Grenville in the Revenge the day we fought the Spanish fleet of fifty-three, and I made three voyages with Henry Hudson after that. Hudson was a man, look ye, and if any of his old crew had been with him last summer there would have been another tale to tell. But he was alone, surrounded by traitors. He had faithful men, 'tis true, but all of them laid up by scurvy. So the rascally mutineers overpowered him, put the old captain and the sick men in a boat and turned them adrift."

He looked scowlingly about him as tho fronting the jackals who had brought down lion-hearted Henry Hudson. "We on the Sea Foam heard of it four months ago. There are three of us on board, old sailors of his, and every one of our ship's company envies us. It is not given to every man to say he sailed with Henry Hudson. Oh, I promise you it would go ill with any of those mutineers if they came our way!"

He paused an instant. "I know what you would say, gentlemen. He was a hard man sometimes, but you must remember he had hard men to deal with. And every fault in a seaman he pardoned save one."

"What was that?" asked Biencourt curiously.

The buccaneer smiled grimly, a line of perfect teeth showing whitely against his sunburned face. "Piracy," he said quietly.

"Indeed!" commented Biencourt. "You do not seem of his opinion."

"What can a man do after the first downward step?" asked the rover defiantly. "He needs must take another and yet another. And then, Sir Seigneur, he quits the society of honest men like Hawkins and Hudson and becomes a lost sailor, a buccaneer whom every one despises, a wastrel of the sea."

He looked gloomily about him for an instant; then flung back his shoulders with decision as the near rattle of musketry filled the room. "As I told you, Sir Seigneur, I am here to demand the surrender of your fortress and all its treasure."

Biencourt had leaped to his feet at that ominous sound, and, Imbert beside him, had turned to the nearest window. Shots from the direction of the bastion they could have understood, but these sounds came from a point precisely opposite, where the virgin forest stretched out cool green arms toward the fortress walls. Puzzled to guess the meaning of what they had heard, they gazed at each other while the rover laughed softly.

"Belike it is the crew of the Sea Foam's faithful consort, the Hind," he remarked casually. "They did not enter

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Soothing and Healing

the harbor, but landed up the coast behind the shelter of the hills, and are come to take Port Royal from the rear, where the cannon on the bastion cannot reach. The firing from the Sea Foam was merely a signal to bid them advance, after which I came ashore to play for time." He shook his head with a serious air. "Wherefore, Sir Seigneur, I once more demand your surrender. Lest worse betide," he added.

To rush to the door, sword in hand, calling the colonists to the defense, was for Biencourt and Imbert the work of a moment only; yet in that moment the hall was filled with a swirling mob of riotous, blasphemous men, yelling ribald songs as they flourished keen swords of Spanish pattern or menaced the colonists, retreating before them, with formidable pistols.

One minute the hall of the seigneurie had been quiet, shadowy, steeped in an atmosphere of dignified calm; the next, it had become a bedlam, where infuriated men flung themselves against each other, sword in hand, willing to be killed if they might first kill.

Borne back by the first rush of the retreating colonists, Biencourt had been thrust to the far end of the room ere he could call a halt to the retreat. There he found Imbert, best blade in the Americas, at his side, and together the two began to rally their surprised forces.

THE contest was in every respect unequal. The baccaneers, a mixed crew of English, Irish and French, fought with reckless bravery, hurling themselves forward, in their fantastic costumes of velvet and silk, their scarlet and gold caps, as tho death were something greatly to be desired; while the colonists met them with bravery equal to their own. But the defenders of Port Royal were outnumbered almost two to one.

In a prolonged contest the issue could not have been doubtful, but for a few moments, thanks to the fierceness of the defense, and thanks most of all to Imbert's resistless sword, the decision wavered in the balance. Pirate and gentleman adventurer fought face to face, without either yielding an inch to his opponent, only to lie side by side upon the bloodstained floor. And presently, while the mad tumult was at its maddest, there came an interruption.

The door of Biencourt's room opened; a strange Englishman appeared upon the threshold. He had removed his fur cap and now his snowy hair fell with a certain leonine effect across his shoulders. Wakened from sleep by the sudden clamor, he gazed about him with an air of great annoyance; his brows were drawn down, his blue eyes held an angry glint.

He closed the door sharply behind him. "How now, my masters?" he cried, in a tone of inflexible command. "What means this brawling before my cabin door?"

Hurtling thru the air like a challenge, the strange voice brought the combat to a momentary halt. Then a bloodstained buccaneer sprang forward with an oath, sword in hand.

The old man's eyes flashed fire; his figure seemed to take on ineffable dignity. "Boatswain!" he called sharply. "Quit me this fellow who draws sword upon my deck!"

The buccaneer drew back, startled, as his chief whispered an instant in his ear; then he lowered his sword and sidled away, while a strange murmur ran thru the hall, and the old man, slowly stepping forward, came to a halt not far from the pirate chief, whom he regarded with brooding eyes.

"Brawling again, Hardy!" he said accusingly. "What, man! There is blood upon your sword. Sheathe it, I say!"

With an imperious finger he had pointed at the rover's dripping sword. With a convulsive shiver the captain of the Sea Foam drew back from that pointed finger and beckoned to his followers for aid. But none of the pirates stirred. The rumor that had spread like lightning among them held even the boldest motionless.

The old Englishman stepped forward one pace more. His face was, if possible, sterner than before. "Your sword, Hardy!" he said harshly.

With a strangled gasp, the master of the Sea Foam flung his blade within its scabbard, while his dilated eyes turned a terror-stricken gaze upon his ship's company.

"Ye see it, Peters and Jenkins," he called hoarsely. "Ye sailed with him and ye know." He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and leaned back against the wall, horror written large upon his face.

Peters, a short, squat figure of a man, a moment before engaged in single combat with de Sagan, staggered forward, clutching at his own red-bearded throat. "My God!" he yelled, terror-stricken. "It's the old man himself, straight back from hell! It's Henry Hudson."

With a wild outcry, like the scream of a wounded beast, he leaped to the door and sped toward the water, while Jenkins, a tall, cadaverous villain, in a doublet of many colors, fell upon his unaccustomed knees in prayer.

The old Englishman stood silent a moment, as his gaze traveled the great hall and the wounded men, whose blood was even then dyeing its floor crimson. A look of reproach swept across his face.

"You, Hardy! What did I tell you years ago in Plymouth Harbor but that your love of brawling and gold would one day lead you to the pit. And here you stand, with blood upon your sword." He paused an instant to shake his head. "Take your cutthroats away from here this instant," he said commandingly. "If your ship be not gone an hour from now I will pursue in my shallop and board you tho I be alone."

As the old man spoke a shiver ran thru the assemblage. Stern, inflexible, he stood before them the embodiment of the last of the great English captains, Henry Hudson, who had perished in the north twelve months before. From his eyes there seemed to pass the lightning of an unbending will. This was the Henry Hudson who, single-handed, had pursued his traitor ship, sword in hand. No wonder the pirates clattered noisily to the door in an effort to avoid that awful presence! Flesh and blood they could face unwaveringly. But a ghost—and the ghost of that stern captain above all—drove them headlong in flight.

Hardy, the pirate chief, was the last of the invaders to leave the hall. His face a ghastly white, he paused an instant in front of Biencourt. "I bear you no malice, Sir Seigneur," he said huskily. "It was a good fight. But had I dreamed you were protected by ghosts"—he looked quickly at the gray old man still pointing toward the door—"or devils, I had never entered your harbor." He strode hastily to the door and was gone.

In the great hall of the seigneurie a silence fell. Biencourt, his face serious and respectful, advanced to his strange guest, to express the thanks of Port Royal. But the old Englishman waved his remarks aside. The clash of arms, which for an instant had aroused him, was over and his face had grown calm again.

"Fit ye the gear in the shallop again, and add provisions, if it please you," he said quietly. "In half an hour I must be on my way." He paused an instant. "For I, gentles, voyage in search of my river."

"You have a river?" Biencourt asked for the second time that day.

The old man nodded. "Ay, young sir; a noble river, with high palisades on its western bank, very fair against the sunset. I go in search of my river."

And go in search of his river he did, despite all the young seigneur's efforts to induce him to remain. Three hours later his shallop had dwindled to a mere point in the distance and the story of Henry Hudson's ghost was in a fair way to become one of the legends of Port Royal. Biencourt alone had no faith in the budding legend. He chanced to have taken a second look at the mariner's astrolabe, ere placing it in the wanderer's boat. Scratched on the brass were the two initials: H. H.

* * *

The Dog Was Tired.

GENERAL LAWTON never wearied of repeating the following story, which, he said, illustrated the irrepressible good humor of the negro soldier: The night of the El Caney affair, when my division was marching back to El Paso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting at the side of the road with Maj. Creighton Webb, Inspector General of my staff and one of the pluckiest men I ever knew. The men were filing past and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn, when we heard some one coming down the road talking at the top of his voice. He talked and laughed and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chattering and joking.

"Here come the negro soldiers," said Webb, and sure enough, the 25th Infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun belonged was limping along beside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blanket and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"'Here corporal,' said Webb, 'didn't you march all last night?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the corporal, trying to salute.

"'And didn't you fight all day?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And haven't you been marching ever since 10 o'clock tonight?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, then,' shouted Webb, 'what in thunder are you carrying that dog for?'

"'Why, boss, the dog's tired,' was the reply.

"Webb just rolled over in the dirt and laughed and cried like a boy."

* * *

London's Heart.

THERE can be little doubt that London's head is that area of the city which contains the Bank of England, the stock exchange and other great financial and business houses.

But London's heart is not there. There is a coldness about the city which does not appeal to the stranger. He stands in awe of it. He looks upon the teeming traffic and the hurrying folk with a feeling of unrest.

Put the same stranger in the neighborhood of Trafalgar square, where he catches a glimpse of the houses of Parliament, the towers of the ancient Abbey, and sees England's great sailor on the summit of his lofty monument, guarded by Landseer's wonderful lions, and he will expand at once and say, "Now, this is a hit!"

In Trafalgar square there is a sense of companionship and merry camaraderie. That is probably why so many folk congregate there with apparently nothing much to do. Even the traffic seems to be playing a game of puss in the corner or general post.

Yes, the heart of London is there.

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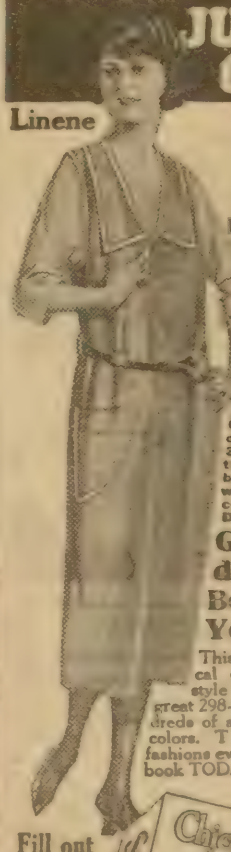

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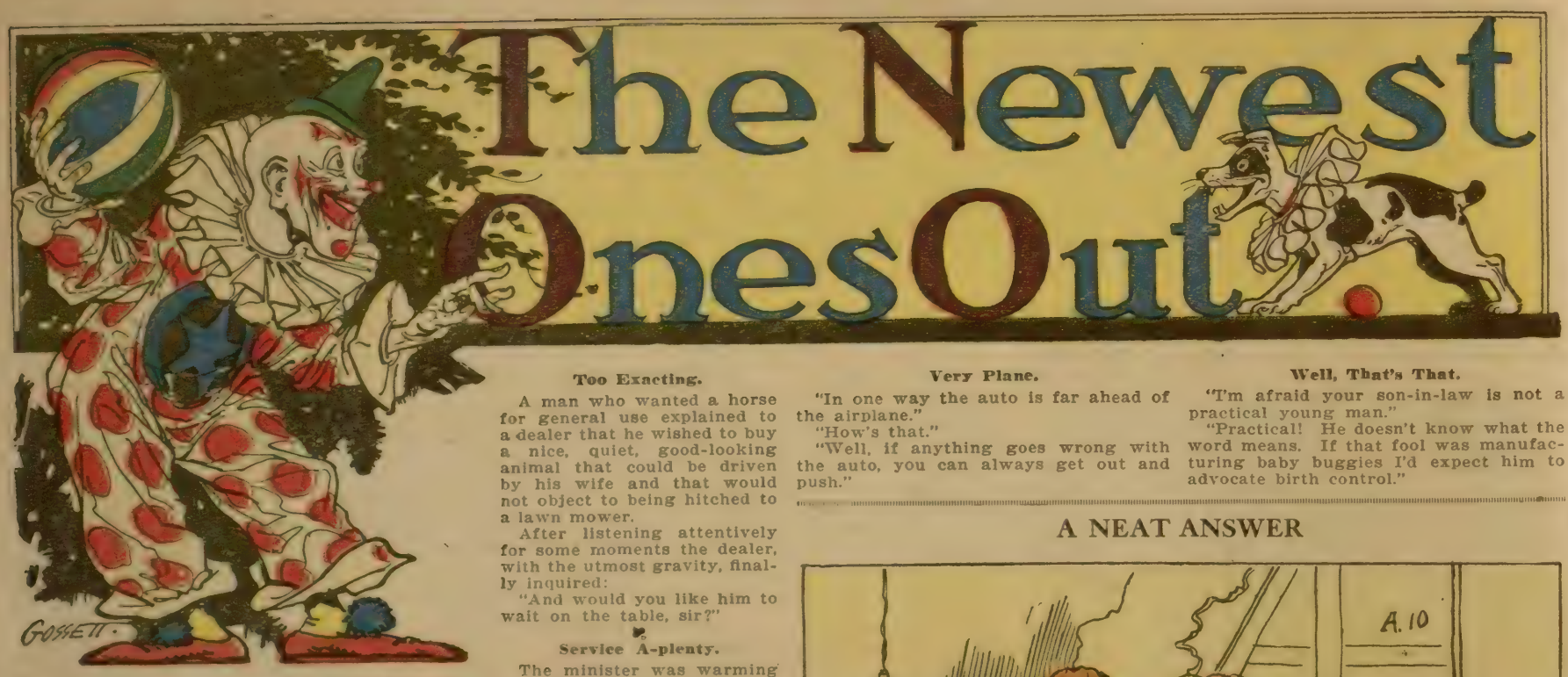

"BY REQUEST"

A MAN went into a restaurant and ordered a meal. He was much irritated by the orchestra, and presently sent for the conductor. "Do you play anything by request?" he asked affably. The conductor rubbed his hands and smirked, "Oh, yes; certainly, sir. Anything you like!" "Then, for heaven's sake," said the diner, "go and play a game of golf while I finish my meal."

Came Home on a Train

Friend—Did your soldier brother come home on a furlough yesterday, Johnny?

Johnny—No, sir, he came home on a train.

Mabel's New Gown.

"Mabel has just bought a new evening gown—one of the newest."

"What does it look like when it's on?"

"Well—very like Mabel, in most places."

Different.

"I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about, dear," said the wife. "That's good," answered the husband, "you usually want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."

SOLID IVORY

Too Exacting.

A man who wanted a horse for general use explained to a dealer that he wished to buy a nice, quiet, good-looking animal that could be driven by his wife and that would not object to being hitched to a lawn mower.

After listening attentively for some moments the dealer, with the utmost gravity, finally inquired:

"And would you like him to wait on the table, sir?"

Service A-plenty.

The minister was warming to his subject. "All of yoh," he fulminated, "unless yoh repent, will be cast into outah darkness, and wail and gnash yoh teeth."

"I ain't done got no teeth, sah," interrupted an old man.

"Dey is goin' to be supplied, suh," answered the minister.

How, Indeed?

"I refuse to be tried by a jury of women," cried the prisoner in the dock.

"What is your objection?" asked the counsel.

"Why," said the prisoner, "if I can't even fool my own wife how the dickens do you think I'm going to manage this lot?"

What Kind of Bait?

Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch)—For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?

Cowpuncher—That line, as you call it, lady, we use to catch cattle and horses.

Young Lady—Oh, indeed! Now, may I ask what do you use for bait?

A Blowout.

Bold Suitor—What would you do if I kissed you?

Electrician's Daughter—I would use one hand for insulation and with the other I would create a short circuit by a quick connection against your cheek.

Nothing Lost.

"So this is Packingtown?"

"As you see."

"Nothing lost but the squeal, eh?"

"We catch that in graphophones now and sell the records as grand opera."

THE SOLE REASON

A CHEMIST advertised very widely an infallible protection against influenza. A nervous man entered the drug store one day and bought a bottle of the concoction. Two days later he returned, complaining that he had drunk it all, and felt no better. "Drunk it all!" shouted the chemist; "my dear sir, that was a solution to rub on the soles of your shoes to keep the wet out."

Reciprocating.

"Does your wife go to church to see what other women wear?" asked Mr. Nosey.

"No," replied Mr. Newrich, "we are now sufficiently prosperous for her to go in order to let other women see what she wears."

The Nasal Trombone.

Professor in Science Class—Who can tell me the scientific name of snoring?

First Student—I don't know, professor.

Second Student—Sheet music.

Activity.

"Why the excitement?"

"I offered a bottle of hootch to the best shimmy dancer."

"I see. They are shaking for the drinks."

Was Out With the Boys.

"I gave my wife a rainbow kiss when I left home this morning."

"What's a rainbow kiss?"

"One that follows a storm."

Sometimes He Does.

"Don't you feel sorry for the under dog?"

"Not if he started the fight."

Very Plane.

"In one way the auto is far ahead of the airplane."

"How's that."

"Well, if anything goes wrong with the auto, you can always get out and push."

Well, That's That.

"I'm afraid your son-in-law is not a practical young man."

"Practical! He doesn't know what the word means. If that fool was manufacturing baby buggies I'd expect him to advocate birth control."

A NEAT ANSWER

Musical Critic—You sang false last night.

Singers—Prove it.

Was Fifteen Shy.

The doctor was summoned in the middle of the night. When he arrived at the house he asked what was the matter. "We thought Isaac had swallowed a silver quarter," said the fond mother.

"Well, and didn't he?" asked the doctor, a little puzzled.

"No," said the mother and father in chorus, smiling, "it was only a dime."

An Apology.

Miss Oldsmith—Sir! How dare you try to kiss me!

Mr. Pfresch—Aw, say! Don't get mad. I only did it to win a bet.

Up in the Air.

"If I lend you money on this dirigible plan of yours, what security can you give me?"

Aviator—My priceless balloon itself.

Capitalist—Excuse me, but I am not accepting any inflated securities.

REAL ESTATE GENT.

If ever I get to Mars
I will wager the cigars
That some guy, plump and silk-hatted,
Has it all laid out and platted.

Bribery.

"Marguerite Mayne, why do you kiss that young man good-night?"

"If I didn't, ma, he'd never go."

LEG MISSING

FATHER was serving the steaming, browned roast duck, and when no one was looking Sonny took a "drumstick." When father missed one leg he asked Sonny where it was. "Why, ducks only have one foot," Sonny answered.

"Come on out to the pond and you'll see that ducks have two legs," said father sternly. Out near the pond were several ducks standing quietly on one leg. Father chased them and they began to run on two legs.

"Now, see, ducks always have two legs," he said.

"Well," said Sonny, "why didn't you chase the one at the table then?"

Art as We Get It.

"What is the subject of this photoplay?"

"It's a story of the great North."

"Big trees, snowstorms, love in the wilds and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, and the hero is a pretty chap who's never been five hundred miles from steam heat in his life."

All Work Together.

Irate Traveler—It's a nuisance—these trains are always late.

Resourceful Conductor—But, my dear sir, what could be the use of the waiting-rooms if they were on time?

To Match the Service.

Sweet—What do you usually give your waiter, John?

Street—Oh, if he serves me well I give him a tip of a dollar; if badly, I give him a tip on the stock market.

In His Own Class.

There never was a financier like Noah. He floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation.

The Boomer

(Continued From Page 4)

then his gaze traveled to the clock and finally to his watch.

"Great Caesar!" he ejaculated to the boy. "We've gone and swindled ourselves out of an even ten minutes by not leaving our job earlier. We've——"

"Yes," growled Red, from his inconspicuous position in the shadows of the foreman's office, "an' you've cheated me out o' ten minutes, too, Lauriston."

"How's that, McAfee?" asked the man addressed, peering across the room and finally directing a cool stare toward Red with a pair of steel-blue eyes.

Red flung open the office door illnaturedly. "Come in here, the two o' you. I been waitin' here to assign extra work for tonight. I'll give you the dope on it and fix you up with the passes and so forth. Then I got to blow in a hurry. You can peel off your hooks afterward."

The helper glanced toward Lauriston as they followed Red into the office. "Night work, drat the luck," he whispered.

Red hurriedly dropped into a chair, while Lauriston, fumbling at the clasp on his tool belt, remained standing.

"Le's see, Lauriston," began Red, "you was with the gang the Sunday that we all turned out to clean the insulators on the Slagville line, if I remember c'rectly. An' anyway, you're next to high-tension line construction, ain't you?"

"Sure thing," replied the other. "Did six months on the transmission line that runs from Niagara up into Canada. One of the big jobs of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario."

"Good enough, then. Our dinky little 22,000 volt line'll look like a telephone circuit to you. Well, anyway, here's the point. You an' young Anderson there are next on the list for night work—so I reckon you're stung for tonight, as far as a long sleep goes. You'll get your money, tho, at time an' a half. Now pay close attention:

"All three of them there high-tension insulators are down on Pole 147, about three miles out in the country on the Slagville line. The three phases was reported by the track walker to be saggin' on the cross-arm. Ferguson always has the shut-down of the juice at midnight in a case like that, account of the load curve bein' least then." He slid two slips of paper toward Lauriston. "Here's two passes—one for each o' you—to get by the gate tender at 11 o'clock or so." He dug down in his pocket and produced two keys on a loop of steel wire. "An' here's the keys, the long one for the line gang shanty here, an' the short one for the handcar shanty out at the south fence. All you'll need is three insulators, three bolts, a yard o' tie wire, the portable 'phone an' a double length handline. There's a full moon—but take a lantern anyway. All your junk's laid out on a bench in the tool room." He flicked his thumb toward an opening in the opposite side of the room. "All clear, so far? Any questions?"

"Yes," replied Lauriston. "Who's going to stand guard over the switch in the high-tension shanty? I'm not crazy about taking chances with the juice cut off at the power-house switchboard."

Red frowned. "Old Sam Webb," he answered. "He's took care of that there cut-off switch durin' the last three years since it was put up. The devil hisself couldn't lay a finger on it with the old boy on guard. An' anyway, it's pervided with lockin' rings for both the up and down positions. There's only two keys and they're both kept in Ferguson's office. I seen Sam twenty minutes ago, sent him over before five-thirty with a note to Ferguson for one of the keys, an' I give him a night pass and orders to be out at the high-tension shanty at 11 o'clock. He'll pull the juice off at 12 midnight or as soon after that as he gets your highball over the Slagville telephone line." Red jumped up and seized his hat. "Sorry to stick this onto you—but you an' the kid were next on this list o' mine for extra work. Can't use the two night trouble men for line work, you know. All clear now?"

"All clear," returned Lauriston, picking up the keys and the two slips of paper, and handing one to the boy. "Pole 147 you say—and the juice goes off at midnight, or as soon as I tap on the phone line and give Sam the signal. Then I guess there's nothing more to explain, McAfee. The kid and I will be on the job at 11."

RED swung down the steps of the line shanty and out along the cinder road that wound past countless mill buildings, over a dozen or more narrow-gauge railroad tracks, and past a succession of coke ovens to the gate. Lauriston and his helper lingered, however, to take off their overalls. Then, without stopping to wash, they swung their dinner pails on their arms and left the low wooden structure, pausing only long enough to click the padlock shut, according to the iron bound rule that obtained regarding "last man out." They proceeded hurriedly over the path that McAfee had just covered, stopping several times to wait for the passage of a tiny snorting locomotive dragging a train of flat cars loaded with red hot ingots. At the gate they handed in their time cards and walked out on Bessemer Road, a dusty thorofare that ran parallel to the high board fence which marked the western boundary of the plant.

"Well, so long, Dave," said the boy glumly. "If I ain't out at the gate here at 11 o'clock, I'll be sittin' on the steps of the line gang shanty."

"Don't fail," the lineman returned, glancing back at the boy with a look that savored more of the attitude of a brother than that of a fellow worker. "This extra work is a nuisance, Anderson, but we can't help ourselves. If we can hurry our job up tonight and rest a few minutes before we pump back in the handcar, I'll give you another lesson on the juice—and pretty soon I'll have you understanding all about alternating currents."

Young Anderson turned and proceeded south along Bessemer Road in the direction of a row of neat, vine-covered cottages that were barely visible in the distance. Lauriston, however, walked straight ahead down Mill Avenue, a dirty, narrow street which ran clear to the mill gate and stopped there abruptly. Without glancing to the right or left, he passed an interminable row of dingy looking saloons with unpronounceable foreign names over the doorways, and shortly turned south on one of the cross streets that housed the Polish and Hungarian steel laborers of Ironvale. To him, living as he had for the past five years, wandering from steel town to steel town as a boomer lineman, the general appearance of the district which he was passing thru aroused neither his interest nor abhorrence. The scene which once had seemed sordid to the extreme, now appeared quite ordinary.

The houses on each side of the street were all of frame, grotesquely sunken, and badly scorched by the sun. Outside, crowds of dirty, ragged children swarmed, some screaming at each other in a foreign tongue, others playing tag, and still others sailing shingle boats in the great pools of stagnant water which filled the holes in the street. On almost every doorstep sat a weary man, dressed only in trousers and undershirt. Here and there thru an open door, a woman could be seen bustling about a glowing coal range. And in each instance it could be seen, too, that she was dressed in cheap calico and that her feet were bare. All this was "Goosetown"—a district that can be found near any steel producing center in the United States.

After covering a few more blocks at a rapid pace, Lauriston turned west again, this time on a much neater, trimmer street with houses that were newer and straighter and better painted. Now and then he passed a tiny shop whose window display seemed to consist of canvas gloves. And finally he turned up the steps of a dwelling which bore in the window a sign, reading:

Room and Board
for
Ironvale and Bransford Mill Men.

Two hours later, just as the dusk was turning into night, he walked down the same steps and struck off eastward in the direction of the Ironvale Steel Plant. But this time he was washed, brushed, cleanly shaven, and dressed in a neatly fitting blue serge suit. He made his way rapidly along the street on which he boarded, and finally reached an intersection with Bessemer Road at a point far to the south of the main mill gate. He hurried along the solid footpath that skirted the foot of the high board fence and shortly reached the end of it. Here the fence stopped, turned at right angles, and ran eastward again. At once Lauriston crossed the road with eager steps and stopped in front of a trim little white cottage with a tiny porch, window boxes full of white and purple pan-

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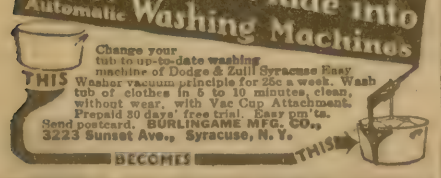

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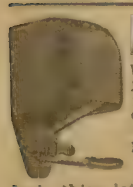

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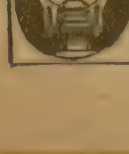

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sies, and a narrow gravel path leading from the wooden gate.

A girl of about 19 stepped from the porch with a sprinkling can in her hand. She was dressed in a simple brown skirt and wore a white shirtwaist open a trifle at the throat, displaying a glimpse of the soft, white flesh below her neck. As she stood there in surprise, the sky suddenly lighted up from a "pouring" which was taking place in the Bessemer Converter Mill, far at the other end of the plant, a mile or more away. The red glare revealed a slim, girlish form, a pair of tender brown eyes, and a crown of black hair that fell in entrancing ringlets about her white temples. She stood motionless for a second. Then she set down the sprinkling can and breathed just the one word:

"Dave!"

And in her voice was the peculiar tone that a woman uses to but one man in the world; but in her mind was the bitter realization that sooner or later the moment would arrive when she must tell this same man that marriage between them was impossible, hopeless.

CHAPTER III.

MYRENE CARY.

SMILING, Lauriston strode up the steps and took her two outstretched hands in his own.

"I hadn't expected to call tonight," he explained. "But something occurred to prevent my going to bed—so I thought that perhaps Miss Myrene Cary would spare a couple of hours to a lonely inhabitant of an Ironvale boarding-house."

"You're always welcome, Dave," the girl replied shyly. "Three nights in succession—if you feel like coming."

She placed two rockers in the shadows at the end of the porch and he dropped into the farther one. After closing the front door quietly she took up the remaining chair and looked up at him. And in her eyes was a tender light which he could not see.

"Did the extra work finally materialize?" she asked. "You know, Dave, you told me when you were here before that you and your helper were next on the list for extra night work."

He looked down at her face in the dusk. "It finally caught me, just as I expected," he said. "But fortunately the job is a short one and doesn't have to be done until midnight on account of load conditions. I have to replace three insulators on the 22,000-volt line to Slagville, about three miles out in the country."

"Oh! That terrible high-tension line," she said, with a little terrified note in her voice. "Some evenings when the weather is damp I gaze over there at those three strands of wire—all surrounded with that peculiar blue haze—and I can't help but think of them as three strands of death." She shuddered. "Death! That's what they make me think of."

Lauriston laughed lightly, but made no reply.

"Yes, Dave, death," the girl went on. "I can never forget the day, three years ago—long before you came to Ironvale or ever heard of Ironvale, I imagine—when three linemen were killed instantly out on the Slagville line. It—it seems that a switch was accidentally thrown shut in the power-house—and then ——" She pressed her hands to her eyes as tho to shut out an unpleasant sight. "Even tonight I can picture them bringing in the poor burned bodies, covered with rubber sheets."

"My dear girl," he said firmly, "you've created a morbid fear of something which you don't understand. What happened out on that line three years ago can never occur again, for a repetition of that accident has been guarded against for all future time by the company's engineers."

"Why—how is that, Dave? I don't just understand."

"Of course, you don't," said Lauriston. "So I'll explain the best I can. If I forget myself and use any high sounding, technical forms—any Cornell University language—just draw me up short." He stopped and a look of pain passed over his face. For a few seconds he seemed to forget himself, his whereabouts, and the girl at his side. But he pulled himself together finally and went on. "There, Myrene, I forgot myself—and thrust a knife squarely into my own feelings. No, I don't want to use any Cornell University language—or anything else that's going to remind me of the old days. I explained it once before to you—so you understand the reason."

"Don't feel bitter about it, Dave," she said soothingly. "Of course, you mustn't think of those things if they're going to remind you of the fact that your eyes have doomed you to be a lineman for the rest of your days. It's yourself—and not your place in life that counts. How often I've tried to make you see it that way. Why, I'd think a hundred times more of a good lineman than a poor electrical engineer. But I know," she added smilingly, "that you'd have been good at anything." She changed the subject hastily, for she saw that he was dropping into a moody spell. "Now, how about that high-tension line? You were going to explain to poor little ignorant me how no more accidents could happen. And you remember, too, that you promised me last time you were here that you would explain that funny little red tower with the bars on the window and the lights burning all night and all day."

She waved her hand in the direction of the mills. Far on the other side of the board fence—a thousand feet, perhaps, from the tiny porch where they were sitting—a narrow, wooden tower was visible against the pink luminance of the sky. The bright light from a cluster of incandescent bulbs in its ceiling was split into long, vertical threads of black, showing plainly that the solitary, deep window held iron bars. Near the opposite wall a gleaming, white marble panel could be made out, and on the upper half of the marble slab a tiny, almost inviable, point of red light scintillated thru the smoky atmosphere like some far-off planet. Apparently close to the wooden tower, but actually a full two hundred feet away, loomed up a much taller steel tower, supporting a huge box-like structure at its top. Into this structure led three stout cables of copper straight from the great gas engine power house at the center of the plant; and from its opposite side stretched three more wires, suspended on tall poles a hundred feet apart, and disappearing over the horizon in the direction of Slagville, eleven miles away.

LAURISTON glanced in the direction she had indicated and nodded.

"Yes. First, I'm going to explain the best I can, and then I'm going to let you look right into that wooden tower—the high-tension shanty, as they call it—and see every detail of the thing just as tho you were on the spot." He dug down into his coat pocket and produced a shining pair of high-power field glasses. "Got this contraption out of my trunk tonight," he expained. "Like everything else, tho, Myrene, they remind me of the old days—the days of dreams." Again he caught himself up sharply. "But now to make the whole business clear to you."

"In the first place," he began, "you see those three strands of copper disappearing over the hills toward Slagville. Now, those three strands—known technically as 'phases,'—carry part of the current that's generated here in the mammoth gas engine power house of the Ironvale Steel Plant. But they carry it at a potential of 22,000 volts, enough to kill instantly twenty-two men standing hand in hand in a circle. And the reason for this is that if the power to run the subsidiary company—the Slagville Cement Works—was transmitted as direct current and at the ordinary low and safe voltages, the actual current strength in amperes required would be so enormous that from half to two-thirds of the energy would disappear in the form of heat losses before it even reached Slagville."

She was a little puzzled, but she nodded and made no reply.

"Now," he continued, "the question of heat losses may not be quite clear to you, but it's not essential anyway. And in a few words I can dispose of the question of what happens to the power after it reaches Slagville. By means of stationary arrangements called transformers, and revolving machines called rotary converters, it finally emerges for use at the cement works in the low commercial pressures of 110, 220 and 440 volts, direct current. And in that form it runs the hundreds of slag crushers, grinders, revolving kilns, and what not else."

"Tell me more," she said eagerly. "Red always refuses. He says that women shouldn't be curious about men's work."

At the mention of Red McAfee's name a shadow passed over Lauriston's face. It lingered only for a second, however, and then melted away as rapidly as it had come. So he went on:

"Now, Myrene, fasten your attention on that taller tower made of steel framework—not far from the lighted window of the high-tension shanty."

"I see it against the sky," she said. "And the big boxlike affair on the top."

"Exactly. Well, that big boxlike affair is an electro-mechanical device called an oil switch, designed for just such a pressure as 22,000 volts. If the Slagville works were running full blast, and that switch were suddenly opened, a terrific, dangerous, dazzling arc would pour forth from all three of its moving contacts. But those contacts rest inside of a tank of insulating mineral oil—with the result that the arcs, destructive as they might be, would be smothered in five or six seconds."

"But isn't it terribly dangerous," the girl asked, "for a human being to operate it?"

"It would be," replied Lauriston, "if he had to operate it directly. And that's the part I'm going to explain now." He adjusted the field glasses slightly and then handed them to her. "Try and catch the high-tension shanty, if you can."

She raised them to her eyes, moved them from side to side, and turned the screw a trifle.

"Oh, how plain," she exclaimed suddenly. "Why, Dave, I can see everything in that little tower-room from the floor up. There's a marble panel. There's a——" She stopped abruptly.

"Go ahead," he urged. "Give me a nice feminine description of what you see."

"Well," she continued, entranced, "I don't really see such a terrible lot after all. Just a tiny empty room. A telephone on the wall. A cluster of very bright lights surrounded by a reflector—on the ceiling. A white marble panel. A single tiny copper switch with the handle pointed upward and its—its—its——"

"Blades," he prompted.

"Yes, its blades touching a pair of catches and——"

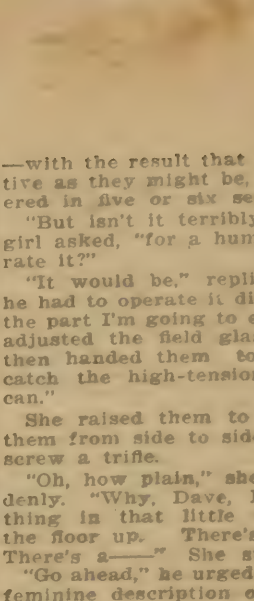
"Contacts—not catches."

"Yes, touching a pair of contacts. And fixed to the handle is a little steel ring that's padlocked to another little steel ring embedded in the marble panel. Yes—it seems to be locked right in that position. And directly above the catches or contacts, I should say—it a little red electric bulb, glowing brightly. And—and—and that's about all, Dave."

"Nothing else?" he asked.

"Well—yes," she said slowly. "Directly below the switch is another pair of contacts, another little steel ring, and another tiny glass bulb—but not glowing. And—and—that's absolutely all, Dave."

"Right you are," he said with a laugh. "You didn't miss a point. Now that innocent-looking little switch governs a somewhat intricate electric motor and gearing arrangement up in the oil switch cabinet on the top of the steel tower. Thrown upward, the motor closes the oil switch within about three seconds, and the Slagville transmission line becomes directly connected to the 22,000-volt leads from the transformers in our pow-



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er-house here. And the closing of the oil switch brings together two little contacts which light up the red bulb on the marble panel. Thrown downward, the motor runs backward until it automatically cuts itself off, operates a set of gears, and opens the oil switch with no danger whatever to the man in the shanty. At once the whole Slagville high-tension line becomes dead. And in a manner similar to that I just described, the opening of the oil switch breaks the circuit that lights the red bulb and completes a circuit which lights up the green one on the lower half of the marble panel. Then, with the switch locked to the lower steel ring, the green bulb glowing, and a good trusty man like old Sam Webb, for instance, standing guard over it, the Slagville line is as harmless as a kitten. Where ordinarily it would mean death to be on one of the cross-arms along the line—and not even touching one of the strands—one could now play solitaire up there with perfect confidence."

"It's all very simple now," she said, relieved. "But how is it that the accident happened three years ago?"

"Simply this," Lauriston answered. "Three years ago there was no oil switch out here at the edge of the plant—no means of 'deading' the line at a separate, isolated point. Instead it was made dead at the power-house switchboard. In the stress of operating some one got excited thru, perhaps, a minor emergency, and closed the wrong switch: Result: Of the three men working on the line, those in actual contact with it met a horrible but instantaneous death. And those who were working between any two of the 'phases' at that instant acted as a path of low resistance and met death within three or four seconds anyway. After that, so I understand, the company's engineers laid out this entirely separate arrangement for cutting off the power from Slagville; and—what was most important—keeping it cut off until it was ready to be thrown on again." He stopped. Then he added: "Now, Myrene, is the whole thing clear?"

"Absolutely," she replied. "The motor of the oil switch up on the steel tower takes care of the actual connecting and disconnecting of the high voltage, but the operation of that motor is controlled by the little switch on the panel of the wooden tower with the lighted window."

"That's the situation," returned Lauriston. "When the little relay switch is down, and the green light burning, the Slagville line is a playground. And the man guarding it operates a simple device on the side of the telephone box which cuts off communication between the Slagville telephone line and the mill telephone switchboard. This puts him in sole communication with the lineman—or linemen—and prevents any conflicting orders or signals. But when the relay switch is thrown upward again, and the red light flashes on, three or four seconds later, the oil switch on the steel tower is closed—and then!—the Slagville line means death—and nothing else!"

She shuddered again. Noticing the tremulous movement of her shoulders, he spoke up quickly.

"Myrene, we've talked enough about 22,000 volts and death. They're not cheerful subjects, at their best. On my way here tonight I made up my mind to introduce a cheerful, happier topic. And it's something in the way of a question." He leaned over and placed a great brown hand on top of her slender white one. "Dear—do you know what that question is? Have you guessed in the past two months—what I intended to talk of tonight?"

She tried desperately to reply—but she could not. Her lips opened several times—but each time she found herself utterly unable to answer him. And over and over a ceaseless sentence ran thru her brain:

"That moment has come, and I—I—must tell him the whole truth!"

CHAPTER IV.
AN EAVESDROPPER.

WHEN she remained so strangely silent, Lauriston found courage that only a few seconds before had been partly lacking. He pressed her hand with his larger, stronger one until her fingers tingled.

"I know you've guessed it, Myrene—that I love you." He stopped, a little confused. Then he added: "When I came to this smoky little town of Ironvale a few months ago, I expected to work only a short while and then move restlessly on, just as I've been doing for the past four years or so. But I met you, dear. And at once my poor man-made calculations were all upset. I've come over tonight to ask you to be my all-the-time sweetheart; in other words, my wife. But remember, dear girl, that it's not David Lauriston, Cornell graduate, rising electrical engineer, a man with a brilliant future, that's speaking. It's just poor Dave Lauriston, boomer lineman at fifty cents an hour, who hopes to have you all to himself. And your answer—well, I feel that your heart says yes, but I've had an instinctive fear for the last few weeks that it's to be something that I dread." He stopped and laughed uneasily. "There—that was a mighty long speech—but it's over. And every word, Myrene, came from the very bottom of this heart of mine. So now I'm going to sit back and tremblingly hear what you've got to say."

If he had been able to see the girl's face in the darkness of the porch he would have seen lines of pain, of distress, of anguish. But he was dependent on her voice alone for a verdict. She made several attempts to speak, but stopped each time. Finally, however, she managed to break the ominous silence.

"Dave," she said in a low voice, "I didn't dream that the question was coming quite so soon. But it's just as well that it did; just as well that you understand the truth; just as well that you learn that Myrene Cary is for sale—for sale—just—just like a common slave."

"For sale!" he ejaculated, aghast. He turned straight toward her. "For sale?" he repeated. "Why, Myrene, dear, what do you mean?"

"Oh," she breathed, "that's the bitter, sordid part that has to be explained; the part that is to profane our last wonderful evening together. But the explanation, Dave, is due you above every one else."

"Our last wonderful evening," he repeated dully. "I can't—I don't understand," he added, a note of misery showing plainly in his voice.

"You soon will tho, Dave"—and her words had become suddenly cool and calm. "But I'm at a loss to explain—to know how—or where to start. It's—it's about——" She was floundering. "That's is—it concerns Peter—or Red—or Red McAfee as every one calls him."

"Red!" exclaimed Lauriston. "Is he—do you care for him? Is Red——" He broke off his words abruptly.

She withdrew her small hand from below his larger one, and placed it on top. Under its soothing touch Lauriston lay back in his chair, wondering if he were dreaming, not daring to break the spell by further argument.

"Listen, Dave," she began. "I'm going to tell you a little story—one that starts back in New York City, six years ago. Picture, if you can, a small family—a family who had nothing but the income of the father, but who were happy, tho, despite the fact that they had little or no worldly goods."

"Your family?" he ventured quietly. "Your father and mother—and yourself?"

"Yes. And one more—my brother Jim." She stopped and swallowed hard several times. Then she went on. "Well, Dave, since Jimmy and I had secured a fair education in the New York schools, father decided to move to a smaller town where the struggle to live wasn't quite so severe. So we moved to Ironvale. Father got work in the Ironvale plant at a fair salary. For the first time in his life he managed to save money. After three years he had this little house and lot all paid for—and he was assured of a home for the rest of his life. When I grew a little older I got work at a small salary up in town. And Jim got a job as clerk and cashier with Daniel McAfee, Red's brother."

"Dan McAfee?" commented Lauriston. "He runs a banking and brokerage business uptown—mostly with the foreigners, doesn't he?"

"Yes," she said simply. "And that position was the undoing of Jim. For the first time in his life he had the handling of money that wasn't his own. As we learned much later, he began to play the races thru a poolroom in town which was connected by wire with a bigger, notorious one in Pittsburgh. And finally came the day when Daniel McAfee walked in on father and informed him that Jim was $900 short in his accounts; and he declared that he intended to send him to States prison for the limit sentence. Well, Dave, father pleaded and pleaded with the older McAfee—but he was obdurate. Then father asked him if he would accept a $900 mortgage on the little cottage and lot here, and withdraw any prosecution against Jim. And Daniel McAfee agreed to do it, altho he sneered at the offer and declared that a $900 mortgage on a $1,500 piece of property in a small town was an unheard of thing—and a hopeless investment.

"After Daniel McAfee left the house Father called Jim in. My brother wept for a long while and finally admitted that he had squandered $900 of his employer's money on the races. And so that afternoon Father went to Daniel McAfee's brokerage office, had papers drawn up, and signed a trust deed for $900 on the house and lot here. Then he went home, happy at the thought that he had saved his only boy from a penitentiary sentence. But when he got home—when he got home—oh, how can I go on——" She stopped. For a long half minute she remained silent. Then she took up the narrative again. "Mother was away at the time and I was working. And the house was strangely deserted. Father walked upstairs to Jim's room to tell him what had been accomplished. And there in the room was—was Jim—dead. He—was a suicide, Dave. With his repeating rifle and a piece of stout cord tied to the trigger, he had killed himself, believing—believing that he was doomed to a long prison term.

"Well, that blow almost killed Father, too. The repeating rifle, with one cartridge used, was replaced on Jim's wall where it had always hung. After the funeral the room itself was closed without being disturbed—and the three of us, Mother, he and I, took up life again—or tried to take it up—just where we had broken it off."

"All this is terrible," said Lauriston, gently. "But still I don't see the connec-

(Continued on Page 24.)

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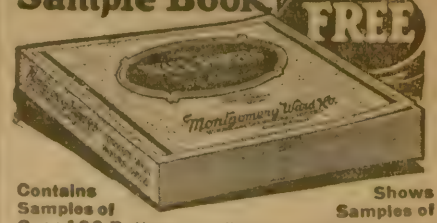

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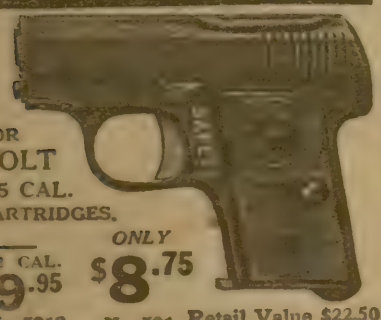

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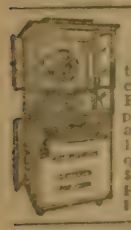

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Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 5)

the night he was killed. Do you want to go to Golden with me?"

She nodded, eagerly. "Oh, I do, Kirby! I believe we'll find out something there. Shall we go by the interurban?"

"As soon as we're thru lunch."

They walked across along Arapahoe street to the loop and took a Golden car. It carried them by the viaduct over the Platte River and thru the north side into the country. They rushed past truck farms and apple orchards into the rolling fields beyond, where the crops had been harvested and the land lay in the mellow bath of a summer sun. They swung round Table Mountain into the little town huddled at the foot of Lookout.

From the terminus of the line they walked up the steep hill to the courthouse. An automobile, new and of an expensive make, was standing by the curb. Just as Kirby and Rose reached the machine a young man ran down the steps of the courthouse and stepped into the car. The man was Jack Cunningham. He took the driver's seat. Beside him was a veiled young woman in a leather motoring coat. In spite of the veil Lane recognized her as Phyllis Harriman.

Cunningham caught sight of his cousin and anger flushed his face. Without a word he reached for the starter, threw in the clutch, and gave the engine gas.

The rough rider watched the car move down the hill. "I've made a mistake," he told his companion. "I told James I was comin' here today. He let Jack know, an' he's beat us to it."

"What harm will that do?" asked Rose. "The information will be there for us, too, won't it?"

"Mebbe it will. Mebbe it won't. We'll soon find out."

Rose caught her friend's arm as they were passing thru the hall. "Kirby, do you suppose your cousins really know Esther was married to your uncle? Do you think they can be trying to keep it quiet so she can't claim the estate?"

He stopped in his stride. James had deprecated the idea of his coming to Golden and had ridiculed the possibility of his unearthing any information of value. Yet he must have called up Jack as soon as he had left the office. And Jack had hurried to the town within the hour. It might be that Rose had hit on the reason for the hostility he felt on the part of both cousins to his activities. There was something they did not want brought to the light of day. What more potent reason could there be for concealment than their desire to keep the fortune of the millionaire in their own hands?

"I shouldn't wonder if you haven't rung the bull's-eye, pardner," he told her. "We ought to know right soon now."

THE clerk in the recorder's office smiled when Kirby said he wanted to look thru the license register. He swung the book round toward them.

"Help yourself. What's the big idea? Another young fellow was in lookin' at the licenses only a minute ago."

The clerk moved over to another desk where he was typewriting. His back was turned toward them. Kirby turned the pages of the book. He and Rose looked them over together. They covered the record for three months without finding anything of interest. Patiently they went over the leaves again.

Kirby stepped over to the clerk. "Do you happen to remember whether you made out any license application for a man named Cunningham any time in the past two months?" he asked.

"For a marriage license?"

"Yes."

"Don't think I have. Can't remember the name. I was on my vacation two weeks. Maybe it was then. Can't you find it in the book?"

"No."

"Know the date?"

Kirby shook his head.

The voice of Rose, high with excitement, came from across the room. "Looky here."

Her finger ran down the book, close to the binding. A page had been cut out with a sharp penknife, so deftly that they had passed it twice without noticing.

"Who did that?" demanded the clerk, angrily.

"Probably the young man who was just in here. His name is Jack Cunningham," Lane answered.

"What in time did he want to do that for? If he wanted it why didn't he take a copy? The boss'll give me Hail Columbia. That's what a fellow gets for being accommodating."

"He did it so that we wouldn't see it. Is there any other record kept of the marriages?"

"Sure there is. The preachers and the judges who perform marriages have to turn back to us the certificate within thirty days and we make a record of 'em."

"Can I see that book?"

"I'll do the lookin'," the clerk said shortly. "Whose marriage is it? And what date?"

Lane gave such information as he could. The clerk mellowed when Rose told him it was very important to her, as officials have a way of doing when charming young women smile at them. But he found no record of any marriage of which they knew either of the contracting parties.

"Once in a while some preacher forgets to turn in his certificate," the clerk said as he closed the book. "Old Rankin is the worst that way. He forgets. You might look him up."

Kirby slipped the clerk a dollar and turned away. Rankin was a forlorn hope, but he and Rose walked out to a little house in the suburbs where the preacher lived.

He was a friendly, white-haired old gentleman, and he made them very much at home under the impression they had come to get married. A slight deafness was in part responsible for this mistake.

"May I see the license?" he asked after Kirby had introduced himself and Rose.

For a moment the cattleman was puzzled. His eye went to Rose, seeking information. A wave of color was sweeping into her soft cheeks. Then Lane knew why, and the hot blood mounted into his own. His gaze hurriedly and in embarrassment fled from Miss McLean's face.

"You don't quite understand," he explained to the Reverend Nicodemus Rankin. "We've come only to—to inquire about some one you married—or rather to find out if you did marry him. His name is Cunningham. We have reason to think he was married a month or two ago. But we're not sure."

The old man stroked his silken white hair. At times his mind was a little hazy. There were moments when a slight fog seemed to descend upon it. His memory in recent years had been quite treacherous. Not long since he had forgotten to attend a funeral at which he was to conduct the services.

"I dare say I did marry your friend. A good many young people come to me. The license clerk at the court is very kind. He sends them here."

"The man's name was Cunningham—James Cunningham," Kirby prompted.

"Cunningham—Cunningham! Seems to me I did marry a man by that name. Come to think of it I'm sure I did. To a beautiful young woman," the old preacher said.

"Do you recall her name? I mean her maiden name," Rose said, excitement drumming in her veins.

"No-o. I don't seem quite to remember it. But she was a charming young woman—very attractive, I might say. My wife and daughter mentioned it afterward."

"May I ask if Mrs. Rankin and your daughter are at present in the house?" asked Lane.

"Unfortunately, no. They have gone to spend a few days visiting in Idaho Springs. If they were here they could reenforce any gaps in my memory, which is not all it once was." The Reverend Nicodemus smiled apologetically.

"Was her name Esther McLean?" asked Rose eagerly.

The old parson brought his mind back to the subject with a visible effort. "Oh, yes! The young lady who was married to your friend——" He paused, at a loss for a name.

"——Cunningham," Kirby smiled.

"Quite so—Cunningham. Well, it might have been McLeod. I—I rather think it did sound like that."

"McLean. Miss Esther McLean," corrected the cattleman patiently.

"The fact is, I'm not sure about the young lady's name. Mother and Ellen would know. I'm sorry they're not here. They talked afterward about how pleasant the young lady was."

"Was she fair or dark?"

The old preacher smiled at Rose benevolently. "I really don't know. I'm afraid, my dear young woman, that I'm a very unreliable witness."

"You don't recollect any details. For instance, how did they come and did they bring witnesses with them?"

"Yes. I was working in the garden—weeding the strawberry patch, I think. They came in an automobile alone. Wife and daughter were the witnesses."

"Do you know when Mrs. Rankin and your daughter will be home?"

"By next Tuesday, at the latest. Perhaps you can call again. I trust there was nothing irregular about the marriage."

"Not so far as we know. We were anxious about the young lady. She is a friend of ours," Kirby said. "By the way, the certificate of the marriage is not on record at the court house. Are

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you sure you returned it to the clerk?"

"Bless my soul, did I forget that again?" exclaimed the Reverend Nicodemus. "I'll have my daughter look for the paper as soon as she returns."

"You couldn't find it now, I suppose," Lane suggested.

The old gentleman searched rather helplessly among the papers overflowing his desk. He did not succeed in finding what he looked for.

Kirby and Rose walked back to the courthouse. They had omitted to arrange with the license clerk to forward a copy of the marriage certificate when it was filed.

The rough rider left the required fee with the clerk and a bank note to keep his memory jogged up.

"Soon as Mrs. Rankin comes home, will you call her up and remind her about lookin' for the certificate?" he asked.

"Sure I will. I've got to have it, anyhow, for the records. And say, what's the name of that fresh guy who came in here and cut the page from the register? I'm going after him right, believe you me."

Kirby gave his cousin's name and address. He had no animosity whatever toward him, but he thought it just as well to keep Jack's mind occupied with troubles of his own during the next few days. Very likely then he would not get in his way so much.

They were no sooner clear of the courthouse than Rose burst out with what was in her mind.

"It's just as I thought. Your uncle married Esther and got her to keep quiet about the marriage for some reason. Your cousins are trying to destroy the evidence so that the estate won't all go to her. I'll bet we get an offer of a compromise right away."

"Mebbe." Kirby's mind was not quite satisfied. Somehow, this affair did not seem to fit in with what he knew of his uncle. Cunningham had been always bold and audacious in his actions, a law to himself. Yet if he were going to marry the stenographer he had wronged, he might do it secretly to conceal the date on account of the unborn child.

The eyes of Rose gleamed with determination. Her jaw set. "I'm gonna get the whole story out of Esther soon as I get back to town," she said doggedly.

But she did not—nor for many days after.

CHAPTER XXV.
A CONFERENCE OF THREE.

KIRBY heard his name being paged as he entered his hotel.

"Wanted at the telephone, sir," the bellhop told him.

He stepped into a booth and the voice of Rose came excited and tremulous. It was less than ten minutes since he had left her at the door of her boarding-house.

"Something's happened, Kirby. Can you come here—right away?" she begged. Then, unable to keep back any longer the cry of her heart, she broke out with her tidings. "Esther's gone."

"Gone where?" he asked.

"I don't know. She left a letter for me. If you'll come to the house—or shall I meet you downtown?"

"I'll come. Be there in five minutes."

He more than kept his word. Catching a car on the run at the nearest corner, he dropped from it as it crossed Broadway and walked to Cherokee.

Rose opened the house door when he rang the bell and drew him into the parlor. With a catch of the breath she blurted out again the news.

"She was gone when I got home. I found—this letter." Her eyes sought his for comfort.

He read what Esther had written.

> I can't stand it any longer, dearest. I'm going away where I won't disgrace you. Don't look for me. I'll be taken care of till—afterward.
>
> And, oh, Rose, don't hate me, darling. Even if I am wicked, love me. And try some time to forgive your little sister ESTHER.

"Did anybody see her go?" Lane asked.

"I don't know. I haven't talked with anybody but the landlady. She hasn't seen Esther this afternoon, she said. I didn't let on I was worried."

"What does she mean that she'll be taken care of till afterward? Who'll take care of her?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any idea where she would be likely to go—whether there is any friend who might have offered her a temporary home?"

"No." Rose considered. "She wouldn't go to any old friend. You see she's—awf'l sensitive. And she'd have to explain. Besides, I'd find out she was there."

"That's true."

"I ought never to have left her last spring. I should have found work here and not gone gallumpin' all over the country." Her chin trembled. She was on the verge of tears.

"Nonsense. You can't blame yourself. We each have to live our own life. How could you tell what was comin'? Betcha we find her right away. Mebbe she let out somethin' to Cole. She doesn't look to me like a girl who could play out a stiff hand alone."

"She isn't. She's dependent—always has leaned on some one." Rose had regained control of herself quickly. She stood straight and lissom, mistress of her emotions, but her clear cheeks were colorless. "I'm worried, Kirby, dreadfully. Esther hasn't the pluck to go thru alone. She—she might——"

No need to finish the sentence. Her friend understood.

His strong hand went out and closed on hers. "Don't you worry, pardner. It'll be all right. We'll find her an' take her somewhere into the country where folks don't know."

Faintly she smiled. "You're such a comfort."

"Sho! We'll get busy right away. Denver ain't such a big town that we can't find one li'l' girl muy pronto." His voice was steady and cheerful, almost light. "First off, we'll check up an' see if any one saw her go. What did she take with her?"

"One suitcase."

"How much money? Can you make a guess?"

"She had only a dollar or two in her purse. She had money in the bank. I'll find out if she drew any."

"Lemme do that. I'll find Cole, too. You make some inquiries round the house here, kinda easy-like. Meet you here at 6 o'clock. Or mebbe we'd better meet downtown. Say at the Boston Chop House."

Cole was with Kirby when he met Rose at the restaurant.

"We'll go in an' get somethin' to eat," Lane said. "We'll talk while we're waitin'. That way we'll not lose any time."

They found a booth and Kirby ordered the dinner. As soon as the waiter had gone he talked business.

"Find out anything, Rose?"

"Yes. A girl at the house who works for the telephone company saw Esther get into an automobile a block and a half from the house. A man helped her in. I pretended to laugh and asked her what sort of a lookin' man he was. She said he was a live one, well-dressed and handsome. The car was a limousine."

"Good. Fits in with what I found out," Kirby said. "The bank was closed, but I got in the back door by pounding at it. The teller at the K-R window was still there, working at his accounts. Esther did not draw any money today or yesterday."

"Why do you say good?" Cole wanted to know. "Is it good for our li'l' friend to be in the power of this good-lookin' guy with the big car, an' her without a bean of her own? I don't get it. Who is the man? Howcome she to go with him? She sure had no notion of goin' when we was eatin' together an hour before."

"I don't see who he could be. She

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THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Would you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Would you know how to acknowledge a gift received from someone who had not been invited to your wedding or party? Would you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

Should a servant or waiter be thanked for any service?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

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The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming — confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

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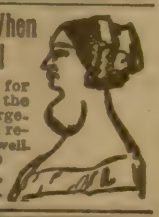

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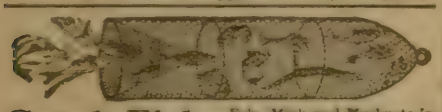

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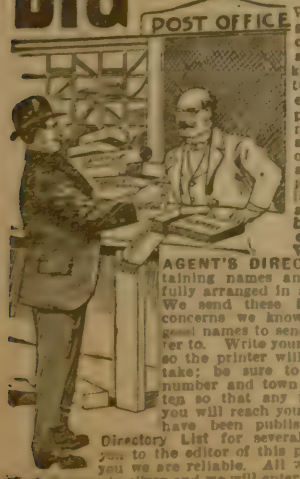

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never spoke of such a man to me," Rose murmured, greatly troubled.

"I don't reckon she was very well acquainted with him," Lane said, shaking out his napkin.

The talk was suspended while he ladled the soup into the plates and the waiter served them. Not till the man's back was turned did Rose fling out her hot challenge to Kirby.

"Why would she go with a man she didn't know very well? Where would she be going with him?" The flame in her cheeks, the stab of her eyes, dared him to think lightly of her sister. It was in her temperament to face all slights with high spirits.

His smile reassured. "Mebbe she didn't know where she was goin'. That was his business. Let's work this out from the beginnin'."

Kirby passed Rose the crackers. She rejected them with a little gesture of impatience.

"I don't want to eat. I'm not hungry."

Lane's kind eyes met hers steadily. "But you must eat. You'll be of no help if you don't keep up your strength."

Rather than fight it out, she gave up.

"We know right off the reel Esther didn't plan this," he continued. "Before we knew the man was in it you felt it wasn't like her to run away alone, Rose. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"She hadn't drawn any money from her account. So she wasn't makin' any plans to go. The man worked it out an' then persuaded Esther. It's no surprise to me to find a Mr. Man in this thing. I'd begun to guess it before you told me. The question is, what man."

The girl's eyes jumped to his. She began to see what he was working toward. Cole, entirely in the dark, stirred uneasily. His mind was still busy with a possible love tangle.

"What man or men would benefit most if Esther disappeared for a time? We know of two it might help," the man from Twin Buttes went on.

"Your cousins!" she cried, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, if ye've guessed rightly that Esther was married to Uncle James. That would make her his heir. With her in their hands and away from us, they would be in a position to drive a better bargain. They know that we're hot on the trail of the marriage. If they're kind to her—and no doubt they will be—they can get anything they want from her in the way of an agreement as to the property. Looks to me like the fine Italian hand of Cousin James. We know Jack wasn't the man. He was busy at Golden right then. Kinda leaves James in the spotlight, doesn't it?"

Rose drew a long, deep breath. "I'm so glad! I was afraid—thought maybe she would do something desperate. But if she's being looked after it's a lot better. We'll soon have her back. Until then they'll be good to her, won't they?"

"They'll treat her like a queen. Don't you see? That's their game. They don't want a lawsuit. They're playing for a compromise."

Kirby leaned back and smiled expansively on his audience of two. He began to fancy himself tremendously as a detective.

CHAPTER XXVI.
CUTTING TRAIL.

KIRBY'S efforts to find James Cunningham after dinner were not successful. He was not at his rooms, at the Country Club, or at his office. Nor was he at a dinner dance where he was among the invited guests, a bit of information Rose had gathered from the society columns of the previous Sunday's "News." His cousin reached him at last next morning by means of his business telephone. An appointment was arranged in five sentences.

If James felt any surprise at the delegation of three which filed in to see him he gave no sign of it. He bowed, sent for more chairs from the outer office, and seated his visitors, all with a dry, close smile hovering on the edge of irony.

Kirby cut short preliminaries. "You know why we're here and what we want," he said abruptly.

"I confess I don't, unless to report on your trip to Golden," James countered suavely. "Was it successful, may I ask?"

"If it wasn't, you know why it wasn't."

The eyes of the two men met. Neither of them dodged in the least or gave to the rigor of the other's gaze.

"Referring to Jack's expedition, I presume."

"You don't deny it, then."

"My dear Kirby, I never waste breath in useless denials. You saw Jack. Therefore he must have been there."

"He was. He brought away with him a page cut from the marriage license registry."

James lifted a hand of protest. "Ah! There we come to the parting of the ways. I can't concede that."

"No, but you know it's true," said Kirby bluntly.

"Not at all. He surely would not mutilate a public record."

"We needn't go into that. He did. But that didn't keep us from getting the information we wanted."

"No?" James murmured the monosyllable with polite indifference. But he watched, lynx-eyed, the strong, brown face of his cousin.

"We know now the secret you wanted to keep hidden in the courthouse at Golden."

"I grant you energy in ferreting out other people's business, dear cousin. If you're always so—so altruistic, let us say—I wonder how you have time to devote to your own affairs."

"We intend to see justice done Miss Esther McLean—Mrs. James Cunningham, I should say. You can't move us from that intention or——"

The expression on the oil broker's face was either astonishment or the best counterfeit of it Kirby had ever seen.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"I told you, what you already know, that Esther McLean was married to Uncle James at Golden on the twenty-first of last month."

"Miss McLean and Uncle James married—at Golden—on the twenty-first of last month? Are you sure?"

"Aren't you? What did you think we found out?"

Cunningham's eyes narrowed. A film of caution spread over them. "Oh, I don't know. You're so enterprising you might discover almost anything. It's really a pity with your imagination that you don't go into fiction."

"Or oil promotin'," suggested Cole with a grin. "Or is that the same thing?"

"Let's table our cards, James," his cousin said. "You know now why we're here."

"On the contrary, I'm more in the dark than ever."

Kirby was never given to useless movements of his limbs or body. He had the gift of repose, of wonderful poise. Now not even his eyelashes flickered.

"We want to know what you've done with Esther McLean."

"But, my dear fellow, why should I do anything with her?"

"You know why as well as I do. Somehow you've persuaded her to go somewhere and hide herself. You want her in your power, to force or cajole her into a compromise of her right to Uncle James' estate. We won't have it."

A satiric smile touched the face of Cunningham without warming it. "That active imagination of yours again. You do let it run away with you."

"You were seen getting into a car with Miss McLean."

"Did she step in of her own free will?"

"We don't claim an abduction."

"On your own statement of the case, then, you have no ground of complaint whatever."

"Do you refuse to tell us where she is?" Kirby asked.

"I refuse to admit that I know where the young lady is."

"We'll find her. Don't make any mistake about that."

Kirby rose. The interview was at an end.

COLE SANBORN strode forward. He leaned over the desk toward the oil broker, his blue eyes drilling into those of the broker.

"We sure will, an' if you've hurt our li'l' friend—if she's got any grievance against you an' the way you treat her—I'll certainly wreck you proper, Mr. Cunningham."

James flushed angrily. "Get out of here—all of you! Or I'll send for the police and have you swept out. I'm fed up on your interference."

"Is it interference for Miss McLean here to want to know where her sister is?" asked Kirby quietly.

"Why should you all assume I know?"

"Because the evidence points to you."

"Absurd. You come down here from Wyoming and do nothing but make trouble for me and Jack even tho we try to stand your friend. I've had about enough of you."

"Sorry you look at it that way." Kirby's smile was friendly. It was even wistful. "I appreciate what you did for me, but I've got to go thru with what I've started. I can't quit on the job because I'm under an obligation to you. By the way, I've arranged the matter of the bond. We're to take it up at the district attorney's office at 11 this morning."

"Glad to hear it. I want to be quit of you," snapped Cunningham tartly.

Outside, Kirby gave direction to his lieutenants.

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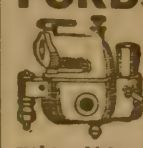

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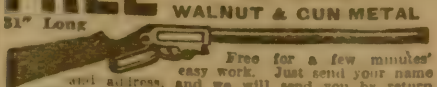

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retary of State's office and find the number of the license of my cousin's car and the kind of machine it is. Then you'd better come back an' take a look at all the cars parked within three or four blocks of here. He may have driven it down when he came to work this mornin'. Look at the speedometer an' see what the mileage record is of the last trip taken. Cole, you go to this address. That's where my cousin lives. Find out at what garage he keeps his car. If they don't know, go to all the garages within several blocks of the place. See if it's a closed car. Get the make an the number an' the last trip mileage. Meet me here at 12 o'clock, say. Both of you."

"Suits me," said Cole. "But wise me up. What's the idea in the mileage?"

"Just this. James was outa town last night, probably. We couldn't find him anywhere. My notion is that he's taken Esther somewhere into the mountains. If we can get the mileage of the last trip, all we have to do is to divide it by two to know how far away Esther is. Then we'll draw a circle round Denver at that distance an'——"

Cole slapped his thigh with his hat. "Bully! You're sure the white-haired lad in this deteckative game."

"Maybe he didn't set the speedometer for the trip," suggested Rose.

"Possible. Then again more likely he did. James is a methodical chap. Another thing, while you're at the private hotel where he lives, Cole. Find out if you can where James goes when he fishes or drives into the mountains. Perhaps he's got a cottage of his own or some favorite spot."

"I'm on my way, old-timer!" Cole announced with enthusiasm.

At luncheon the committee reported progress. Cole had seen James Cunningham's car. It was a sedan. He had had it out of the garage all afternoon and evening and had brought it back just before midnight. The trip record on the speedometer registered ninety-two miles.

From his pocket Kirby drew an automobile map and a pencil. He notched on the pencil a mark to represent forty-six miles from the point, based on the scale of miles shown at the foot of the map. With the pencil as a radius he drew a semicircle from Denver as the center. The curved line passed thru Loveland, Long's Peak, and across the Snow Range to Tabernash. It included Georgetown, Gray's Peak, Mount Evans, and Cassell's. From there it swept on to Palmer Lake.

"I'm not includin' the plains country to the east," Kirby explained. "You'll have enough territory to cover as it is, Cole. By the way, did you find anything about where James goes into the hills?"

"No."

"Well, we'll make some more inquiries. Perhaps the best thing for you to do would be to go out to the small towns around Denver an' find out if any of the garage people noticed a car of that description passin' thru. That would help a lot. It would give us a line on whether he went up Bear Canon, Platte Canon, into Northern Colorado, or south toward the Palmer Lake country."

"You've allowed forty-six miles by an air line," Rose pointed out. "He couldn't have gone as far as Long's Peak or Evans—nowhere nearly as far, because the roads are so winding when you get in the hills. He could hardly have reached Estes Park."

"Right. You'll have to check up the road distances from Denver, Cole. Your job's lookin' for a needle in a haystack. I'll put a detective agency on James. He might take a notion to run out to the cache any fine evenin'. He likely will, to make sure Esther is contented."

"Or he'll send Jack," Rose added.

"We'll try to keep an eye on him, too."

"This is my job, is it?" Cole asked, rising.

"You an' Rose can work together on it. My job's here in town on the murder mystery."

"If we work both of them out—finding Esther and proving who killed your uncle—I think we'll learn that it's all the same mystery anyhow," Rose said, drawing on her gloves.

Cole nodded sagely. "You've said somethin', Rose."

"Say 'when,' not 'if,' we work 'em out. We'll be cuttin' hot trail poco tempo," Kirby prophesied, smiling up at them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DETECTIVE GETS TWO SURPRISES.

KIRBY stared down at the document in front of him. He could scarcely believe the evidence flashed by his eyes to his brain. It was the document he had asked the county recorder at Golden to send him—and it certified that, on July 21, James Cunningham and Phyllis Harriman had been united in marriage at Golden by the Reverend Nicodemus Rankin.

This knocked the props from under the whole theory he had built up to account for the disappearance of Esther McLean. If Esther were not the widow of his uncle, then the motive of James in helping her to vanish was not apparent. Perhaps he told the truth and knew nothing about the affair whatever.

But Kirby was puzzled. Why had his uncle, who was openly engaged to Phyllis Harriman, married her surreptitiously and kept that marriage a secret? It was not in character, and he could see no reason for it. Foster had sent him to Golden on the tacit hint that there was some clew in the license register to the mystery of James Cunningham's death. What bearing had this marriage on it, if any?

It explained, of course, the visit of Miss Harriman to his uncle's apartments on the night he was murdered. She had an entire right to go there at any time, and if they were keeping their relation a secret would naturally go at night when she could slip in unobserved.

But Kirby's mind wandered up and down blind alleys. The discovery of this secret seemed only to make the tangle more difficult.

He had a hunch that there was a clew at Golden he had somehow missed, and that feeling took him back there within three hours of the receipt of the certificate.

The clerk in the recorder's office could tell him nothing new except that he had called up Mrs. Rankin by telephone and she had brought up the delayed certificate at once. Kirby lost no time among the records. He walked to the Rankin house and introduced himself to an old lady sunning herself on the porch. She was a plump, brisk little person with snapping eyes younger than her years

"I'm sorry I wasn't at home when you called. Can I help you now?" she asked.

"I don't know. James Cunningham was my uncle. We thought he had married a girl who is a sister of the friend with me the day I called. But it seems we were mistaken. He married Phyllis Harriman, the young woman to whom he was engaged."

Mrs. Rankin smiled, the placid, motherly smile of experience. "I've noticed that men sometimes do marry the girls to whom they are engaged."

"Yes, but——" Kirby broke off and tried another tack. "How old was the lady? And was she dark or fair?"

"Miss Harriman? I should think she may be 25. She is dark, slender, and beautifully dressed. Rather an—an expensive sort of young lady, perhaps."

"Did she act as tho she were much—well, in love with—Mr. Cunningham?"

The bright eyes twinkled. "She's not a young woman who wears her heart on her sleeve, I judge. I can't answer that question. My opinion is that he was very much in love with her. Why do you ask?"

"You have read about his death since, of course," he said.

"Is he dead? No, I didn't know it." The birdlike eyes opened wider. "That's strange, too."

"It's on account of the mystery of his death that I'm troubling you, Mrs. Rankin. We want it cleared up, of course."

"But—two James Cunninghams haven't died mysteriously, have they?" she asked: "The nephew isn't killed, too, is he?"

"Oh, no. Just my uncle."

"Then we're mixed up somewhere. How old was your uncle?"

"He was past 56—just past."

"That's not the man my husband married."

"Not the man! Oh, aren't you mistaken, Mrs. Rankin? My uncle was strong and rugged. He did not look his age."

The old lady got up swiftly. "Please

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excuse me a minute." She moved with extraordinary agility into the house. It was scarcely a minute before she was In connection with the Cunningham with him again, a newspaper in her hand. murder mystery several pictures were shown. Among them were photographs of his uncle and two cousins.

"This is the man whose marriage to Miss Harriman I witnessed," she said.

Her finger was pointing to the likeness of his cousin, James Cunningham.

The whereabouts of the unfortunate Esther are now added to the various troubles of Kirby, Rose and the doughty Cole Sanborn. Esther's note intimated that she would be "taken care of" until heard from, but who is the unknown who has so mysteriously come to her aid? Well, Sanborn evidently has made it his business to find out, and possibly he will. Anyway, we shall see. Another generous installment in next week's Ledger.

The Fangs of a Mongrel Breed

(Continued From Page 7)

twice I barely escaped with my life."

"Is that all you learned?"

"That is about all, except that no one seems to know who robbed Hishanuma's house last night, but the talk is that it was done by republican patriots. Hishanuma is believed among the officers of the army to be in cahoots with the Bragadistas, and they are mostly agreed that your cake is all dough if you are caught by the officers of the law just at this time."

"Pietro?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Do you have confidence in me?"

"So long as grass grows and water flows."

"What do you think of my marriage to Donna Paula?"

"I think that an honest man will marry where his heart bids him—in spite of politics."

"Will you and your men stick to me in this, taking me on faith, and believing always that I am fighting for the republic?"

"We will."

"Then thank God for a few honest patriots who have sense enough to know an honest man when they see him. I am no more a Bragadista than I am a German or a crown prince. I married the Donna Paula because I loved her. It was a foolish thing, and it seems it has cost me the esteem of President Maderia and has endangered my life. But I will prove to the President all in good time that I am an honest man. Pietro we have work in front of us," and Mitchel showed the honest old republican the letter with regard to the landing of those fifty thousand rifles.

"Uh huh, I know Pirate Cape," said the old Spaniard. "We ought to get those rifles ourselves. They would come in handy for the republic."

"Very well. Pietro, I will discuss that matter with you later. Send Dominique in here."

"Dominique," said Mitchel as soon as that man appeared. "I want you to carry a letter for me to President Mederia. You will have to be very careful. It may be learned at any time that you had a hand in that burglary last night, and you are probably ardently hated by the Bragadistas. I understand that Dom Roderigues Hernandez practically has carte blanche from the President to arrest whom he pleases. You campaigned under President Maderia, did you not?"

"Yes."

"And he has confidence in your honesty and patriotism?"

"I think he has. He ought to have."

"Well, here is a letter showing that Hernandez is a traitor to the republic; carry it and this letter of mine to President Maderia, and deliver them to no one else. Our country is about to be attacked. If these traitors in high places in the army, such as Hernandez, can be turned out, or hanged, and if we can capture these two shiploads or arms and ammunition, all may be saved. Otherwise the republic will have to fight hard for its life."

"I will do as you bid me, faithfully."

"I trust you."

John Mitchel sent for Pietro once more, and asked him who was the cleverest and most faitnful among his followers.

"Any man will do for faithfulness," said old Pietro, "but for cleverness that Italian boy, Fiod, is about the best."

"Then send him in here to me."

When Fioyd came in, Mitchel asked him to go once more to the villa da Sao Vincente and talk with Paula and learn if she were well and if all was well.

"There is but one thing to do, Pietro, while we are waiting for the return of Fioyd and Dominique, and that is to bring some pressure to bear to make that Jap tell what he knows. At present we do not know the accepted password or the signal by which to fool the captains of those two ammunition ships. We ought to make him write a letter addressed to them, ordering them to deliver the arms to us. What do you suggest?"

"I know a sure way of making him talk," said Pietro. "Ask Jehan Doncher."

"Then let us begin on him."

"But we can't do it here. We must carry him to a lonely spot on a beach I and Doncher know."

"Can we sail there tonight and be back in time to meet our messengers tomorrow?" asked Mitchel.

"Easily. It is only a few miles off."

"But what do you mean to do to him."

"It will take about two hours."

"I know, but what do you mean to do to him?"

"I mean to give him a quick sand bath. To let him sink slowly down in an upright position and let the earth swallow him if he does not speak in time. I specify just one thing, if I am to put it thru."

"What is that?" queried the American.

"You are not to be present."

"I agree."

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN MITCHEL hated the idea of torture in any form, yet he realized that one man's life could not be considered when the lives of thousands of people were at stake. It was plain that these yellow devils, this educated doctor of philosophy and his associates were planning to turn loose a breed of mongrel fanatics and Voodoo worshipners and savage Pampas Indians on unsuspected white women and children as well as men. Still he was glad he was not required to be present at the torture.

Within an hour the brigantine was under sail and in another hour she had cast anchor off a lonely beach and the men, leaving John Mitchel aboard, had run ashore in two flat-bottomed rowboats. Mitchel had made Hishanuma understand very clearly what they wanted of him. He was to sign an order telling the masters of the two Japanese craft to deliver their arms to Pietro and others as his agents, and he was to tell Pietro who was the agent at first appointed to receive them.

When the two boats ran out of the surf the men using their oars on the quicksand managed to drive them a few paces from the water's edge at a few paces apart; then a strong line was passed under Hishanuma's arms and around his body, and he was suddenly dragged to a position half way between the boats; and then the line was slackened and the man began at once to sink into the treacherous sand. At first he struggled toward the boat he was facing, but always after a few paces a taut line drew him back; and then when he had sunk in a little above the knees both lines were thrown out to him.

Hishanuma was a fanatic, a Japanese jingoist. It would be hard to conceive a man more thoroly in love with his country and his race. But this was undoubtedly an experience with the ways of western men that he had not counted on. Pietro made no demand upon him, and no man in either boat uttered a syllable. The man slowly sank to his waist. Then he began to claw at the sand, to try to lie down upon it, but every movement that he made only pulled him in deeper. At

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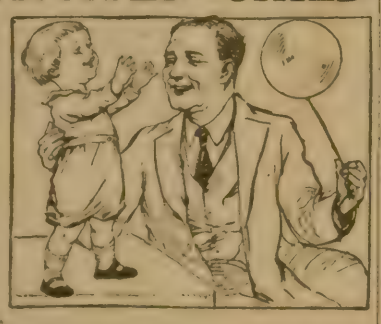

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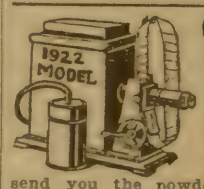

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last, when the sand was nearly to his armpits, Pietro spoke.

"Are you ready to sign, Jap, or shall we let you go down? Remember, if you go down as low as the chin even we may not be able to save you."

Still the Jap did not reply. Instead he clawed at the sand, made horrible grimaces, and shouted himself hoarse.

He sank in up to the shoulders, above the shoulders, up to the neck.

"Are you ready, Jap?" asked Pietro. "You're about gone."

The Jap was now breathing with a loud, audible wheezing, like a man in the last stages of asphyxiation; and the sand was nearing his chin.

It closed over his chin; it reached his mouth and he had to shut it tight and breathe thru his nose. It reached and closed his nose; and he stared horribly with his eyes. Then he closed them, too, to shut out the treacherous sand, and they passed below the level.

At the moment that the eyes disappeared, the men began to grapple with pike poles, secured the ends of the tangled line, and after much difficulty drew him once more above the sand as far as the armpits. The moon was setting and day was breaking over the ocean. The tide was turning and beginning to come in. The man rose from the wet sand like a ghost from a grave. His face was livid, horrible to see. He stared, blinked his eyes, spat sand from his mouth and groaned.

"Are you ready to sign, Jap?" asked old Pietro, "or shall we let you down again?"

"I'll sign," he gasped.

"And will you give us the name of the party that is to be the leader of the niggers and the name of the man who was to receive the arms?"

"They are the same," said the Jap. "It is Buen Buenevento."

They drew him in hastily to the nearest boat and poured water in his face and gave him brandy to drink. The moment he was on board the brigantine they made him sign the order and address it properly.

"Now then, Jap," said old Pietro, "we're going to keep you right with us. You haven't had a taste of torture yet. If you double-cross us in any way we'll make you think you're in your heathen hell."

They hoisted anchor and sailed in the early morning back to their old anchoring ground.

And there two messengers came to them each with bad news. Dominique was shot and killed by Hernandez' police on the steps of the Presidential Palace, and Hernandez himself took from his body all the papers he carried.

Fioyd brought the other piece of bad news: That the Marchesa had had Donna Paula shut up in the Negro Convent of All Saints. John Mitchel knew the reputation of that institution for Voodoo worship and all sorts of hideous rites. It seemed the last thing in profanation for sweet Paula da Sao Vincente to be locked up there. He considered going to see her mother. But what had he to offer, since it seemed that she and all Braganza knew of his marriage to Paula; and it was not likely that the rage that had flung the daughter into such a nest of human vipers as that could be apt to spare him.

He thought of appealing to the American embassy, since Paula was now by her marriage a citizen of the United States, but he knew the ambassador believed him to be a Bragadista, since he had upon several occasions played that part rather too well.

In the last analysis the courses lay open to him; one to appeal to the girl's first cousin, Dom Sylvestre de Sao Vincente, who was the black sheep of the family and had always posed as an ardent republican, greatly to the disgust of the social set in which he moved; the other was to organize an expedition among his faithful followers and go and take Paula bodily from the convent.

He picked on the least known of his henchmen to carry his acts to Dom Sylvestre, lest he might meet with the same sad fate as Dominique. Then he asked old Pietro to recruit his following to the utmost of those he could trust and be ready, in twenty-four hours, to divide up and man two expeditions, one to proceed to Pirate Cape with the brigantine, and one to go overland to the Convent of All Saints, to rescue the girl and to capture Buen Buenevento, who was known to have some obscure connection with the bogus convent, if possible.

AND now John Mitchel was torn by two desires, or rather his desire drew him in one direction and his plain duty to the republic in another. He wished above all things to go with the expedition to the convent, but on the other hand it seemed highly necessary for him to be with the people who intercepted or captured or somehow secured or destroyed those shipments of arms. In the midst of his painful cogitations a heroic line came to him.

"I could but love thee, dear, the less.
Loved I not honor more."

But the battle was fought out once, only to be fought over and over again, and not until the very last moment after he had put the ablest man he had—after the dead Dominique and old Pietro—that is, Jehan Doncher, in charge of the expedition to rescue the girl, and it was time to set sail for Pirate Point, did he decide to stay aboard the brigantine and go with that expedition.

He had secured Doncher's record, and none could be better. The man was a Belgian, the grandson of a hero of Waterloo on the English side, who had later gone to Paris to live and had taken part with the republicans in the July revolution of 1830. Jehan himself had taken part in the Paris commune of '71, at the tender age of 15, in which three of his brothers had been killed, following which he had escaped from France to New Portugal, and had since fought with the republican armies in driving out the House of Braga. He was 65 years old, but active and wiry and as brave as a lion. The old Pietro himself could not be a better man at leading a forlorn hope.

So at the last moment, Mitchel gave him the commission and shaking hands with him with the tears running down his cheeks begged him to rescue the girl at all costs.

Jehan was a man of few words. "We will do what can be done!" he said.

Then the brigantine lifted anchor and for thirty-six hours in the most beautiful weather sailed up the coast and cast anchor off Pirate Cape. There were altogether on board her, besides a score of ignorant and besotted negro stevedores, only sixteen men, not counting Hishanuma who was still a prisoner on board.

She cast anchor on Wednesday afternoon, about 3 o'clock. She had passed on her way up the coast, two German craft steaming rapidly south, but had been out of hail of each. As soon as she anchored the two flat-bottomed boats with four men in each, armed with repeating rifles and pistols had gone ashore to reconnoitre. They came back at sunset and reported not a sign of life on the shore except a few natives, mostly women and children, living in palm huts. The men folks, it seemed, were nearly all gone.

They had hardly finished making their report when the brigantine received its first greetings from the shore. A round shot struck the water just in front of her bow, and a report resounded from the shore.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mitchel of Hishanuma, whom he had in front of him.

"How should I know?" asked the Jap with a shrug. "I was not the only man intrusted with receiving these arms when they came. Doubtless the other parties are there."

The brigantine lifted anchor at once, and drifted farther out to sea; while the boats were again hastily manned for a second shore expedition, as soon as it should be dark. Hishanuma was once more sent below in chains, and Mitchel and Pietro held a consultation. Pietro was to stay with the brigantine, to light her up brilliantly for a target as soon as the men in the boats should have time to reach the jungle, and to abide his fate until those going ashore could silence the gun that was doing the firing. John Mitchel himself took charge of the ten men going ashore.

They crossed the water in a deathly silence beneath brilliant stars that looked like they would come down and touch the earth. They beached the boats, speaking only in whispers, and marched steadily across the beach toward the thick jungle. They had seen no puff of smoke that evening to give away the location of the field piece and knew they would have to locate it by sound if it should begin firing again, as they hoped.

A few minutes before they touched the black jungle, John Mitchel saw the lights spring up on the vessel, rather

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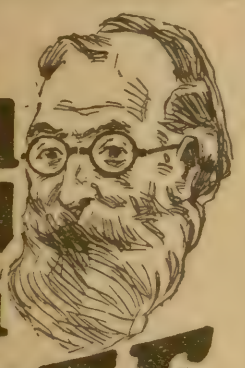

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close in, making a fine target for an accurate gunner. As they struck the trail leading to the native village they heard the boom of the cannon, and a round shot hissed over their heads. They ran forward along that black trail, each man with a Colt revolver in either hand, a long, keen knife in his teeth and a repeating rifle swung at his back. Fioyd was with them and was chuckling to himself to think that this time he was acting as a warrior and not merely as a cupid. The thing was ideal for an ambuscade. Mitchel knew this, and did not send any man ahead, as one man might easily be cut down and cut to pieces before he could fire. The proposition was to form a circle and fight back to back if they were ambuscaded.

But no ambush was laid for them, and presently upon entering a little clearing they came full tilt upon the men at the cannon. At a whispered word of command they halted, squatted low in the grass and took aim at the men around the cannon, a half dozen at the most. They had had to unsling their rifles from their backs, and there was an alarm just before the order to fire. But they fired effectively.

THEN the jungle, which had been so entirely deserted in the afternoon, came to life, with black warriors armed with cane knives and ancient muskets for the most part. Then the little group fought back to back in the clearing. They fought off the howling negroes with rifles till they were at close range, then poured a deadly fire into them with pistols. But during that brief moment when all the ammunition was temporarily out of chambers and magazines, the blacks charged en masse, and five of Mitchel's brave fellows were cut down, including Fioyd, who was fighting at the front directly in front of Mitchel.

But the assault was only temporary, and with the renewing of that deadly pistol fire the colored fighters fell away in disorder, and the retreat became a rout. Mitchel's men fired with their rifles as long as they could see or hear a man moving. Then they dashed forward, spiked the gun, and began their retreat, carrying two wounded men with them. Three were found to be dead and had to be abandoned unburied.

Had the negroes and half-breeds rallied to the assault during this retreat they could have wiped out the little band completely, but for some reason they did not. Only a few scattering shots were fired at them; and they reached the edge of the jungle to meet six more men who had hastily put ashore to assist them.

As they got into the boats the great round moon rose over the waters and threw the shadows of the brigantine across their path. There was no more firing from the shore that night; and next morning the sun rose on as peaceful a scene as a man could wish to look upon. The brigantine fell away from the shore and drifted idly down the coast, only beating up now and then to keep Pirate Cape always in sight. It was a forlorn hope—a dozen true patriots against treachery in high places, scheming monarchs abroad and a fiendish and fantastic mongrel breed at home.

All day long John Mitchel sat and planned. He believed if there was any way of reaching the President and proving to him that he, John Mitchel, was true blue, that the situation could be saved. But it seemed that the mind of the old Portuguese had been poisoned against him, and now no doubt against all the men who followed him. There was not a man of them who could get into the city of Braganza and get out alive, in all probability. And now, John Mitchel knew that it was only a matter of hours, or a few short days at most, till the authorities would spot the brigantine and have him within their drag net. Had he been dealing with honest officials that would have been the wisest course, to allow himself to be taken with all his papers, and prove himself innocent at the same time that he showed the President the danger to the republic; but Mitchel knew Hernandez only too well. He knew that his own life would be forfeited and nothing gained if he fell now into the hands of the city police or the military.

In addition to all this he had to worry about the fate of poor Paula de Sao Vincente. No messenger had come back from that expedition, and in the nature of things it would be days before he could hear from it. More than once John Mitchel was tempted to leave the vessel to Pietro and set out alone and in disguise to the Convent of All Saints to see for himself that Paula was safe.

He had recently had several letters from a certain John Wise, a boyhood friend of his, whose father was a millionaire, and who was a genius and claimed to have invented some wonderful implement of war which he later aimed to try out. Wise had spoken of coming to New Portugal in his yacht and bring his invention that Mitchel might see it tried out.

"Whatever it is that Wise has," thought Mitchel now, "I wish he were here with it. If it's something to make one man equal to a hundred we certainly do need it."

"We need a gun, a cannon," said old Pietro, coming in and breaking in appropriately upon his thoughts. "If we had that howitzer on board I could drill it out in no time. The chances are now, Mr. Mitchel, that those arms will never be delivered to us peaceably, and that all we'll save out of this is our hides; and we won't be able to do that unless we get a cannon to fight with. We'll have to turn pirates at the last and fight our way back to your country, as soon as you have rescued the Donna Paula. Yes, we need that gun."

"But how can we get it?"

"Here's my plan. That jungle will burn at this time of the year. We'll fire the jungle about the middle of the afternoon, when the sun is the hottest, drive out those black devils. Then tonight as soon as we can reach the spot where the gun is, we'll drag it down to the beach, raft it out to this old tub, and heave it up and overside."

"Can it really be done?"

"It can. It won't be easy work. But if the fire will run, it can be done."

"All right," said Mitchel. He welcomed anything rather than this tedious waiting, which was wearing out his soul.

The next installment of the story will describe the terrible scenes that ensued when the great jungle conflagration was at its worst. Other chapters will be devoted to doings at the capital, and at the bogus convent where the unhappy Paula is being held at the mercy of cruel black fanatics—voodoo worshipers. The story becomes more thrilling with each new chapter. Don't miss part three—next week.

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The secret of a beautiful complexion, a clear, radiant, youthful face, is all brought about by good health, and if the organs essentially feminine work like the rest of the machinery of the body, in perfect unison, the girl will be well and happy. Health is the originator of charm—the handmaid to beauty—the basis of personal attractiveness.

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When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

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We will also make you a present of a Certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free. Men, Women, Boys and Girls [illegible] and things you like without [illegible]. We also send you a copy of two (2) [illegible] publications.

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The Boomer

(Continued From Page 17)

tion with your words of a short while ago. Surely, Myrene, you don't feel disgraced on account of the manner of Jim's death? That was not your fault."

"I'm coming now to the explanation of those first words of mine," she continued firmly. "Well, following that blow came another terrible one. Father was carried to the company hospital one afternoon, a month later. A careless craneman—or an accident to the electric circuit—caused a steel 'bloom' to be dropped from one of the lifting magnets—and and——. Well, Dave, it pinned Father's right arm to an ingot—and crushed it hopelessly. When he came out of the hospital seven weeks later he was just as you see him today—a man with one arm only."

"The boys have told me that Tom Carey was injured in the plant," said the lineman. "I've never liked to discuss the thing with you for fear of wounding you in some way. I thought that——"

"Don't talk, Dave," said Myrene, hurriedly. "I want to get thru—to reach the bitter end of the whole story.

"At any rate, after Father was well the employment officials of the Ironvale Plant gave him a life job as flagman at the rail crossing where the huge vessels full of molten iron from the blast furnaces are carried to the converting mill. In that job there is practically nothing to do and no responsibility to shoulder—but it pays only $1 per day. It doesn't seem like much, does it, Dave? But you must remember that in the first place it's a godsend to a man who is hopelessly incapacitated forever. Even without my help, or any other outside help, Father and Mother can at least live on that sum—or exist perhaps—providing that their little home here is absolutely rent free.

"But"—she squeezed his hand unconsciously, and he thrilled at her touch—"the little home can be taken from us in an instant—all on account of the mortgage, the heavy mortgage that Father gave Daniel McAffee to square up Jim's stealings. And now let he tell you of that mortgage. Six months after it was drawn up Daniel McAfee succeeded in persuading his brother Peter—or rather Red—to buy it as an investment for his savings.

"The months flew by. Between Father's small earnings and mine we seemed able only to hold our own; to live and to bring in the $27 interest every six months to Daniel McAfee's office. That was absolutely all we could accomplish. And finally, a few months ago, the mortgage came due. Red called to see us about it. In that way he and I met each other for the first time—perhaps a month before you came to Ironvale—Red dropped the mortgage matter temporarily and began to call on me. Father was naturally friendly to him—and I was nice to him. And really, Dave, I wasn't influenced by the fact that he held our fortunes in the palm of his hand. It wasn't that at all. He was kind to me—and always a gentleman. And it was plain that he was beginning to care. A woman, you know, always perceives those things, whether she gives any indication of it or not.

"But one evening I was upstairs in my room and thru a mischance—an accident in every way—I heard Red talkng in low tones to Father down here on the porch. He declared emphatically that on the day that Myrene consented to marry him, he intended to turn over the mortgage note to Father, marked 'paid in full.' But he went on to say that if Myrene refused him he intended to proceed and foreclose.

"But, Dave, do you think for an instant that Father ever came to me and repeated such a mercenary proposition to me? Never, never. Even if he were to be thrown penniless and jobless on the streets of Ironvale he would not try to influence me to take any step that could affect my happiness. And so, Dave, the whole battle had to be fought out by myself.

"Night after night I have lain awake upstairs, trying to see my way clear. And oh, how hard it was, how difficult to stand by my decision after I met you. But always, Dave, the decision was the same—I must—I absolutely must—conserve this place for Father and Mother, for $1 a day is barely enough for them to exist on, even with their rent free. And if—if— if Red wants me and is willing to pay that price for me, what else can I do? I—I—I——" She lowered her head in her arms and Lauriston heard her weeping almost inaudibly in the darkness.

FOR a full minute he made no comment, no attempt to comfort her, no effort to take issue with her on the question. He was dumfounded, altogether overwhelmed, at the peculiar situation that she had outlined to him, fact by fact. It seemed to him then that his mind

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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was busier during that long minute than it had ever been before in his life. But suddenly, like a slap in the face, the memory of the past five years of his existence flashed over him; five years of aimless roving; five years in which he had not saved a dollar. So he turned quickly toward her.

"Is my chance of having you utterly hopeless, then?" he broke out. "Is your decision wholly unalterable, Myrene?"

"Absolutely," the girl affirmed, for she had become more calm. "I give you credit, Dave, for the ability to see my position—from my point of view. I've fought the battle long since with myself—and many times over. And I see only one way clear. I—I—must give myself—sell myself—to a man whom I don't love—for the sake of a father and mother who have sacrificed their own happiness for mine a thousand times during the past nineteen years. And I can't let myself lose sight of the fact that they've had enough trouble in their lives without being thrown on the streets. No, Dave, my decision is like the needle of the compass. In enjoying your visits—I've—I've just been playing with happiness—getting a taste of a greater happiness that I must thrust away from me. And now—now—I guess that you see that I—I do care for you a great deal more than you think."

"God!" was all he said.

After a short space of time he began speaking—but his voice now was unnaturally calm and lifeless. "Nine—hundred—dollars," he said slowly. "Only nine hundred. And for the first time in my life I can see what a fool—what a miserable fool I've been. Only nine hundred dollars—that and nothing more—standing in my way. And not even ninety dollars on hand to fling in the face of opportunity. For five years, dear girl, I've been knocking about the country—an unhappy boomer, full only of my own woes and misery, chafing at the thought of giving up my profession forever, spending my poor wages as fast as I earned them, never laying or caring to lay away one cent for the intangible thing called opportunity." He clinched his fists. "Bah! Nine hundred dollars. I could have had all of that—twice that—even three times the amount by making a supreme effort. And now—now—opportunity actually breaks in my door and I'm found lacking. But if I'd had $900 saved up, then——" He broke off and lapsed into silence for a moment. "But why cavil at my own shortcomings? I'm about to reap the rewards of a boomer's life, that's all." He put one arm over her shoulder and stroked her dark hair gently. "Is there no way out of the mess, Myrene? I tell you I can't quite realize the situation yet. Is the mortgage so disproportionate to the value of the place that no third party can be found to take it up? I love you too much to give you up. I can't——"

"But it must be that way and no other," she said firmly. "I have canvassed Ironvale from one end to the other when I saw what was coming. There are no demands for property in such a little town. And the people with money to lend are few. Some of them scoffed at the idea of a $900 mortgage on a $1,500 place. The others declared that they would not lend even $500. So you see the hopelessness of it. Even if you had $900 I could not ask you for it—I would not ask you for a penny of it. But if you offered it to me—ah—that would be different. No, dear boy, I am for sale. Hate me, despise me just as much as you wish, but the detestable fact remains: I am on the market for exactly nine—hundred—dollars."

"Hate you?" he said. "Hate you? Never, never that. I realize as much as you that your situation is nothing more than that of a poor little mouse in a corner. And I've wandered far enough around this miserable toadstool called Earth to recognize that peculiar tone of voice, dear, that tells me that argument is useless. But I would not try to argue with you—from my sense of humiliation alone. For who am I that I should try to sway you from your long thought-out resolution? Just a boomer—a self-centered fool who has lost the one glorious opportunity of his life for happiness, because he did not make preparations for being in readiness when it came."

"Thank God, then, that you see it my way," the girl replied fervently. "I could not bear the thought of your despising me. I—I—do love you, Dave. I do. I do. But how can I help myself?"

He said nothing, for he was the type of man who remains stoical under the most extreme grilling, physical or mental.

"And now," she added, "there is just one more thing to be said. It is this, Dave. It is best that we part tonight for—for—god, forever. My seeing you only makes it harder for me. And if you care for me as you say you do, it can't make you any happier to be thrown in my company, now that you've heard what I told you. And then, too, Red hates you bitterly. Every word, every remote reference, that has a bearing on you in any way seems to inflame him to the point of madness. And why stir up all this bitterness considering that—that—I am to be his wife after he asks me? The dream of the past three months was a happy one—but now it's over."

For a long time the two sat in their chairs saying nothing, but both thinking hard. Far over in the plant could be heard the dull boom—boom—boom as great scoopfuls of potash exploded sulfur scales from red hot plates in the plate mill. Now and then a swirling mass of smoke from the open-hearth chimneys obscured for a second the moon-tinged clouds that floated lazily across the sky. And finally, after the protracted silence had begun to seem almost unendurable to each of them, Lauriston arose slowly to his feet and seized his hat. He leaned over her and whispered:

"If it's to be good-by then—may I kiss you for the first—and last time?"

She flung her arms fiercely around his neck and clung passionately to him. Her lips met his in the darkness and lingered there for a long ten seconds.

"I—I guess, Dave, I'll never forget you," she said brokenly, "because I care so—so much. And you'll forgive me—and understand?"

His only answer was to draw her still tighter to him.

And then, a man who had been kneeling in the shadow under the end of the porch, listening carefully, arose cat-like to his feet and tiptoed around the rear of the house. He crept quietly along a narrow alleyway and finally came out on Bessemer Road a full two blocks away. He hurried along this road for a half mile until he reached the mill gates. Then he turned up Mill street in the direction of the row of thirty or forty dingy saloons that clustered around the intersection. He flung open the door of the nearest one and stalked up to the bar. And the light from a dirty coal oil lamp suspended from the ceiling showed a face that was full of smoldering hate and vengeance. The bartender quickly mopped off a spot on the sticky, worn counter and looked up.

"Howdy, Red," he said. "What's yours? Little shot o' white mule?"

Here, in "The Boomer" is a remarkable picture of an industry upon which our entire civilization is based—Steel. Altho its characters are but small units, they have their life's dramas. Now that Red, the vengeful foreman, has overheard Myrene Cary's passionate declaration of love for the boomer lineman, we may expect his smouldering hatred to break forth into something more dangerous to Lauriston than a mere discharge. How will Myrene solve her insolvable problem concerning that $900 which she requires so desperately? How can Lauriston, himself only a penniless "boomer," help her to solve it? And how will President Hiatt and Superintendent Ferguson of the Ironvale Steel Plant solve their problem—the capture of the elusive "Nipper" who is hindering production of steel? In the next and concluding part of this two-part story we will be treated to some strange dramatic situations connected with voltages that mean death, and in the working out of those situations many problems and several mysteries will join up into a strange web of fate. Concluded next week.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He Got It.

A LITTLE boy had been sent to bed early, and his mother was giving a dinner to a few friends in her small bungalow. During the dinner the little boy called out for a glass of water. "Go to sleep," said the mother, "you don't want any water. It's just an excuse to get me up to your room." Presently he called again. "If you don't go to sleep I'll come up and spank you," shouted his mother. There was silence, and then once more the small voice was heard. "Mummy," it said, "when you come up to spank me would you please bring me that drink of water?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

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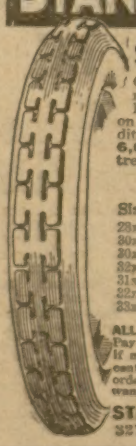

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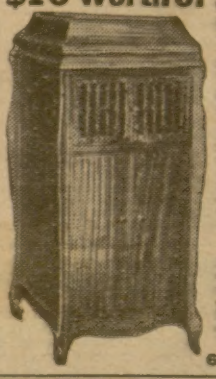

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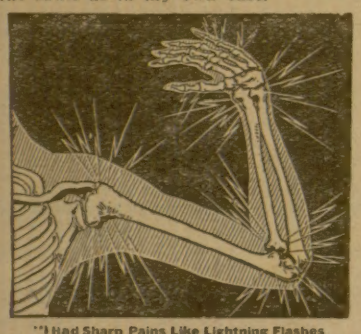

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For Ledger Girls and Boys

Has Any One Seen Mother?

I'VE been sitting here calling and calling, until my throat is so dry it squeaks, and my stomach is so empty that I can hear the sides of it rubbing together. Mother went away right after breakfast, and told me to sit here until she came back. And I've been sitting right here in one spot, but it doesn't seem to do any good, as she hasn't come back. It's not like her to stay away such a long time, when she knows I have to be fed every few minutes, if that dreadful hungry feeling is to be kept down. Somehow I never feel quite right if something isn't going down my throat, and she knows that as well as I do.

"I've Been Calling and Calling."

I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't drop in to see that everlasting talker, Mrs. Bluejay, and that they got to discussing the color of the feathers they were going to wear this winter; and if tails were going to be worn short or long; and what was going to be the stylish way of holding the wings, and if topknots were going to be fashionable or not.

And she got so interested that she forgot all about poor little me, sitting here with mouth wide open, and eyes shut. Or maybe she was appointed on a committee to tell Mrs. Partridge, that if she expected to move in the best society, she would have to stop laying so many eggs, and confine herself to four, and six at the very outside, as none of the best bird people were laying more than that, as it wasn't considered good form. And maybe Mrs. Partridge wasn't at home, and she had to wait. Or it may be that she went to see how that sick woodpecker baby is that got a caterpillar stuck in its throat. I can think of a lot of things that might be keeping her, but that doesn't put anything in my stomach, and I'm getting hungrier and hungrier every minute, and so weak I can hardly make a sound. Mothers do give one a lot of trouble, but in a way, I suppose we couldn't get along without them—but I do wish they wouldn't stay away so long! And so many things have happened since I've been sitting here calling and calling, that it really seems like a year. Now, when that old gray squirrel ran down on the limb where I was, and barked and barked, and shook his tail, and said things that no nice person would think of saying, specially to a baby, I was so scared that I had to keep my bill shut to keep my heart from falling right out. And when that awful blacksnake climbed up and peeped in our nest where I slepped last night, and hissed terribly when he found it empty, I thought I would die of fright, but as luck would have it, he didn't see me, and so my life was saved again. And a flock of great big, black crows came flapping right over our home tree, and one of them looked down and said caw-caw, and I was certain he was coming down and gobble me up. And then a boy came along, and shot about a dozen holes in our nest (glad I wasn't in it), and I know when mother comes home she will say it's ruined, and we can't sleep in it any more. If it wasn't for boys with sling-shots, and hawks, and snakes, birds would have so much better times. And not long after the boy had gone away, the biggest green caterpillar you ever saw, swung itself down from a leaf right over my head, and crawled so close to me that its horrid stingers tickled my legs. If it hadn't been so awfully big, I would have tried to swallow it, as I was terribly hungry, but I knew its stickers would catch in my throat, and I'd be in as bad a fix as that little woodpecker baby. A hummingbird with the most beautiful throat, lighted on a twig and made out like it was going to stick its bill in my eyes, but I fluffed up my feathers right quick and frightened it so if flew away. While all these things were happening, you must remember that I didn't have a mouthful of anything to eat, and I was getting emptier and emptier and that "gone feeling" inside of me was getting bigger and bigger.

Just about the time I had decided to quit breathing and drop down off the limb, mother came flying back with the biggest, fattest, greenest grasshopper you ever saw, and as it slid down my throat, and brought up with a bump in that empty stomach of mine, I close my eyes to dream of all kinds of good things to eat.

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Concluded From Page 10.)

was found to be all right. But it was discovered that the silver plating on the fork had worn off in one spot and the iron underneath had been affected by the vegetable acids and the natural meat acids and thus the deadly black corrosion had been formed.

So you see, it is really impossible to be too careful. A pan of enamelware, if chipped in the bottom or anywhere inside, so that the metal on which the enamel is placed is exposed, must be used very judiciously in cooking. One may boil water or eggs in such vessels, of course. But above all, one must never allow food to stand in them. A woman once made all of her dinner guests ill by keeping the tomato soup hot for two hours in a chipped enamel pan.

There is only one practical metal that has been found to be perfectly safe in this respect and that is aluminum. The reason that iron skillets may be used with comparative safety to fry with is that butter or lard or fat of some sort is smeared over the iron and this prevents the food acids from touching the metal. Beware of cooking anything liquid in an iron skillet, however, for the hot liquid will soon wash away the butter or lard or bacon fat.

One may be cautious, even when one dines at the home of a friend. There is a story concerning a point in etiquette. A young man has just raised a piece of lettuce to his lips when he sees a tiny, green lettuce worm on its hostess' eyes happen to alight upon him edge. But at that very instant his and not wishing to embarrass her, he stoically swallows lettuce and worm. The question, "Was the young man right in doing this?" Well, let him swallow the worm if he must, but if it be a question of black edges on a piece of bread—insult the hostess!

SEX PROBLEMS

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Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Prefixed Letters.

243—Prefix the same letter to certain words and change illness into a prison; a corner into discordant; a female relative into a journey; assent into a bird.

Metamorphose.

244—Change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change wood to coal in three moves. Answer: Wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change beach to place in three moves.
2. Change place to stale in four moves.
3. Change stale to score in three moves.
4. Change score to scale in two moves.

Concealed Word Square.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

245—I found this apple in the weeds,
I'll save its core and plant the seeds.
If you will indicate right now
The richest soil, I'll get the plow.
I won't tell Brother Sam the place;
Won't it be fun to see his face?
A rare event 'twill be when he
Sees apples hanging from each tree!
They'll have that deeper red so rare—
How long before my trees will bear?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

240—Concealed Word Square.

P A N I C
A T O N E
N O M A D
I N A T E
C E D E S

241—Changed Heads.

Bather, father, gather, rather, lather.

242—Three Hidden English Poets.

Keats, Gray, Hemans.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

THE PRACTICAL TOUCH.

Shakespeare possessed a wondrous wit
And made a hit with the "legit."
Judge Bacon may have framed each play,
But it took old Bill to make them pay.

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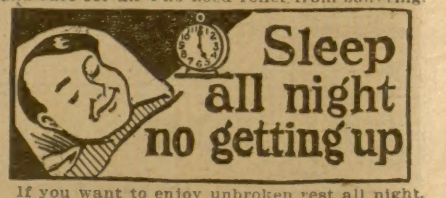

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Here is good news for bunion sufferers. I don't care how bad your bunion is or how you have doctored without success. I positively guarantee that my new combination treatment—PED-O—will end the pain and banish the ugly hump, or I make no charge for the treatment. No pads, no plasters; no clumsy appliances, but a new different method that gets results. Don't doubt—don't hesitate. I take all the risk; you none. You must be amazed and delighted, or there will be no charge made.

H.D.POWERS, Originator, Dept. B-111, Battle Creek, Mich.

Watch & Ring REALLY GIVEN AWAY

This stem wind and set, Handsome Engraved Back, guar. timekeeper and fine ring given for selling only 16 pks. Bluette, our famous wash bluing at 15c or 24 pks. Sachet Perfume at 10c. Order choice.

10-Year Guarantee

Chicago Bluing Works
1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 220, Chicago

FREE Genuine Eastman CAMERA FREE

For a few minutes' easy work. Send your name and address for 8 of our big, beautifully colored art pictures, 16x20, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our GREAT OFFER.

Premo Jr., Model B. Genuine Eastman Film Pack Camera. Takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ in.

Many do it in two hours. Dept. K-1.

W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

SELL "STIKIT," CLEANEST, HANDIEST mucilage device. Thousands in use. Beautifully finished, nickel plated, desk holder, compact, neat size. Needed every office, home, store. Handsome profit on first sale; continual profits from refill sales. Sells easily for $1.50. Details free; or, send $1.50 for 2 pocket samples. Hoffman-Corr Mfg. Co., 318 Lafayette St., New York. References: Any bank, Dun's or Bradstreet's.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORY COMPANY wants local representative to introduce and take orders for newly patented device, thoroughly tested and proved superior to any similar tool now in use. Product absolutely guaranteed. A big field and splendid opportunity for hustlers. Liberal commission. Address for description, terms and details. Beacon Bronze Co., Division 6, Beacon, N. Y.

FREE TO PORTRAIT MEN—NEW LIVE monthly publications devoted to the interests of independent portrait men will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Only periodical of its kind published. Information of vital interest to you in every issue. Send your name today. The Magnet, Dept. C-12, Westerville, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., 1142-44 N. Hancock St., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL EX DONO hair pomade. Straightens kinky hair, promotes hair growth, removes dandruff, relieves itching. Quick sales, big profits, repeat orders. Write us at once and start the $$$$ coming your way. Mark Twain Laboratories, 101, Hannibal, Mo.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—$50,000 "PICTURE Man Friedman" made canvassing. Free circular, "Profits in Portraits," tells how. 24 hour service prints, finished portraits, frames. Credit extended. Samples free. "Picture Man Friedman," Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $100 UPWARDS weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good crew managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

EARN $25.00-$50.00 WEEKLY SELLING guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. We deliver and collect. Consumers Hosiery Co., 724 B, City Hall Station, New York.

AGENTS MAKE SIXTY DOLLARS PER week selling new Sallie May "Dressup" Aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Moss Apron Co., 78 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES, manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 347 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, Ohio.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FURnish rig and expenses, to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X520, Springfield, Illinois.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PROPOSITION: SOMETHING NEW IN portraits. Agents wanted. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEmand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Factory 103, Chicago.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL clerks get $92-$192 month. Men—boys over 17. Steady work. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 26, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth avenue, New York.

INTELLIGENT MEN AND WOMEN EARN $1.00 and over per hour part or full time work. Address Samoline Corporation, 2134 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR: $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere, $140-$200. 586 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMBOBILE EXperts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREmen, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

$1600 YEAR. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. Information free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C 6, Rochester, N. Y.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET service work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

GOVT POSITIONS OPEN—MEN, WOMEN. Honesty required; good pay to start. Write T. McCaffrey, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

BECOME MILLINERY DESIGNERS. $125 month. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 804, Rochester, N. Y.

GIRLS-WOMEN. BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 505, Rochester, N. Y.

DRESS FREE. NO CANVASSING. BEAUtiful apron and particulars, 20c. Ideal Style Shop, Box 892, St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS

"GRAFTERS I HAVE MET," FROM EXperience with sharpers, gamblers and confidence men. Actual happenings, exposing methods employed by various grafters and swindlers; from sending C. O. D. parcels to the dead to salting gold mines. Handsomely bound, 338 pages, fully illustrated. Worth $50.00. While they last sent postpaid, one dollar. Order now. Midwest Book House, Dept. 12, 58 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARACTER READING SELF-TAUGHT. Prof. Willis' Wonderful Treatise, simply explaining this valuable art, 312 pages, illustrated. Complete course sent postpaid, one dollar. Midwest Book House, Dept. 10, 58 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

ANY BOOK YOU WANT AT CUT-RATE prices. Don't buy until you see our bargain list. Send postal for free copy. Midwest Book House, Dept. 11, 58 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

OLD COINS

CENTS WORTH DOLLARS. DO YOU know that coin collectors pay up to $100.00 cash for certain old U. S. cents? As well as high premiums for all rare coins. We buy all rare coins. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE from $5000 to $10,000 a year in your own business as our district sales manager, in large and small cities and rural communities. We manufacture a line of high-grade automobile tires nationally advertised and sold on a positive guarantee of ten thousand miles. No experience is necessary to act as our district sales manager. We show you how to procure business and manage our sales force. We will turn over this established business only to men having a clean past record and who will energetically carry on the work. Many of our most successful branch managers were previously farmers, mechanics, merchants, etc. Because of the distinctiveness of our sales plan, we prefer not to affiliate with tire dealers. An investment is required of $200, contingent upon later arrangements. In applying, give full information, including your financial status, which will be treated in a confidential manner. Address me personally, B. O. Andrews, Director of Sales, 1921-1929 Indiana avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sounlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementl. St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA, LIMESTONE COUNTY, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 1689, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

THIRTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR 10 months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may become worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 214 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS BUYS TEN ACRE lease close to four drilling wells. Map and geological report free. C. D. Inglefield, Waldron, Arkansas.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFIcial 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc.; price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

PATENTS

PATENTS—TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DISclosing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch or model, upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on Patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUscript to New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FOR SALE

SILK PATCHES—ASSORTED, $1 A BUNdle. Enough for quilt and cushion. Valley Supply Co., Shiremanstown, Pa., Dept. G.

NAME LISTS FOR SALE 50c HUNDRED; $5.00 M. all live names. Jesse J. Nafziger, Washington, Ill.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

FARM WANTED

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MOTORCYCLES

DON'T PAY $50 FOR BICYCLES WHEN WE can sell you first class motorcycles from $50 to $100. Bicycle tires, $1.00; new non-skid Ford tires, $5; motorcycle tires, $5; tubes, $1.25. Bicycles, motorcycles, tandems at factory prices. Talking machines at half price. Records, 20c. Ball bearing skates, $1. Send stamps for catalogues. Deninger Price Cutter, Rochester, N. Y.

HEIRS WANTED

ESTATES SEEKING CLAIMANTS; YOU MAY be one of them; send 2-cent stamp for descriptive circulars. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Penna.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN CHEWING & SMOKING TObacco, 5 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2.50; 20 lbs., $4.25. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHment works on any sewing machine; easily adjusted. Price $2.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, and ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 23 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY. MANY REFINED AND WEALTHY members seeking marriage; information free. Cosmopolitan B Club, Box 423, Venice, California.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS; Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

RANCHER, WORTH $88,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-B) Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, pretty girl? Stamped envelope, please. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

GET ACQUAINTED AND MARRY WELL. Send stamped envelope, Chicago Friendship Club, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage, 20c. Select Club, B., Box 166, Topeka, Kas.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Do not hesitate. Box 787 Denison, Ohio.

LONELY WIDOW WORTH $100,000 SEEKing marriage. (Pearce) Box 4304, Jacksonville, Fla.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH HUNDREDS names, addresses, descriptions. Also pictures, 25c. Box 3317B, Boston, Massachusetts.

WIDOWER, 50, WORTH $100,000, WOULD marry. V-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

WESTERN WIDOW, 45, WITH $100,000, wants husband. K-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

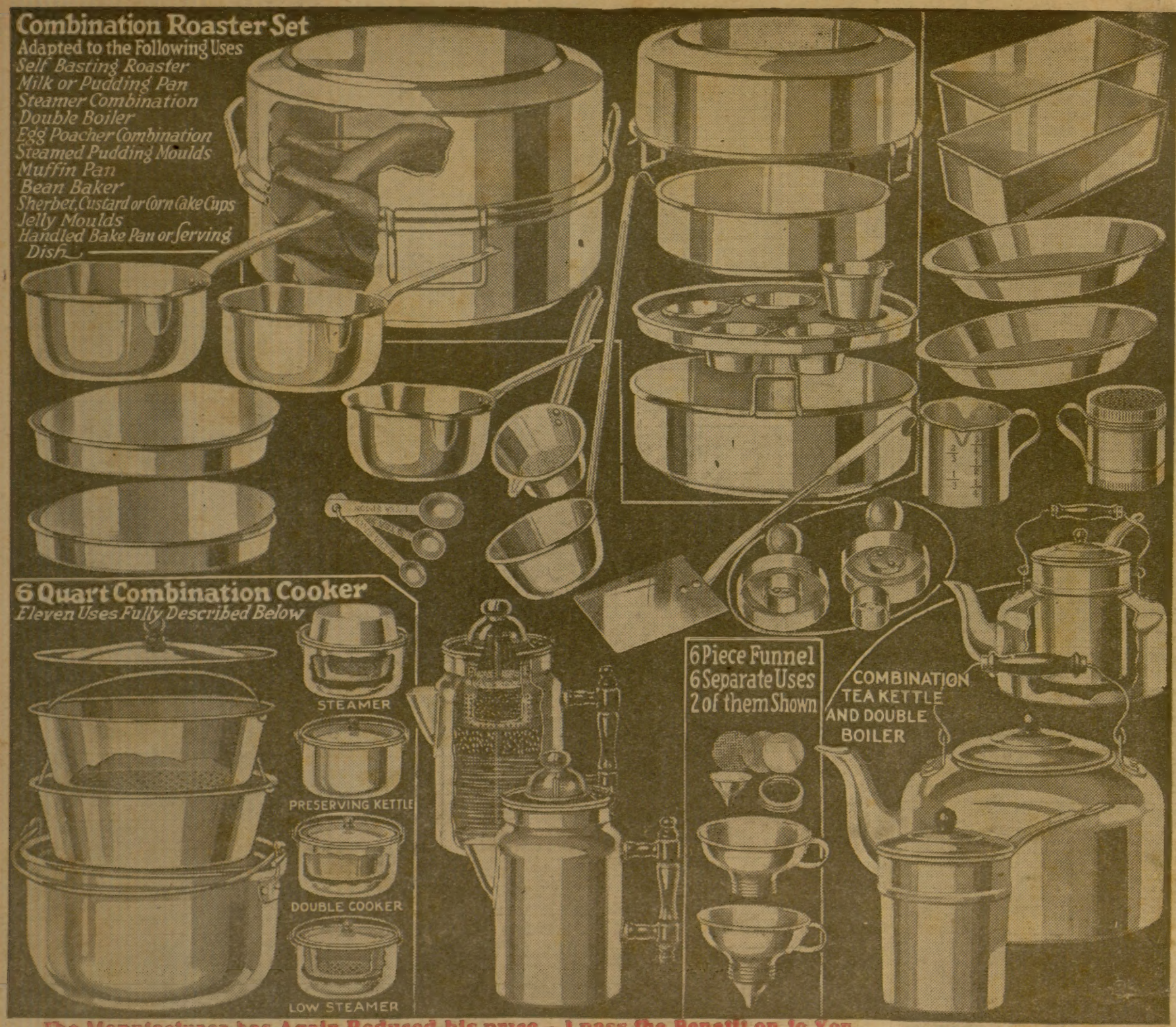
LOVING LITTLE GIRLIE, JUST 16, WORTH $60,000, will marry. Club, Box [illegible]5, Oxford, Florida.

MARRY—MAGAZINE WITH LADIES' DEscriptions, addresses, pictures, 15c. Central Bureau, Box 232, Champaign, Ill.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAIDEN, INHERITING $75,000.00 ESTATE, needs manager; would marry. Address Edith, Box 2095, Jacksonville, Florida.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 627, Blairsville, Pa.



The Manufacturer has Again Reduced his price — I pass the Benefit on to You

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Reduced from $22.50 to $10.95 **Every Piece Guaranteed** **45 Useful Pieces**
Easy Monthly Payments **To Wear 20 Years** **High Grade Aluminum**

The former price of this Strictly High-Grade Aluminum Set was $22.50. Lower manufacturing costs permitted me to cut the price to $13.95. Thousands of people took advantage of this Remarkable Bargain. These thousands are perfectly satisfied. Another reduction in factory costs, effective January 1st, now enables me to again slash the price. My offer now challenges all competition.

SMASHING BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING for the HOME

Furniture	Dishes	Lamps
Bedding	Baby Carriages	Washing Machines
Springs	Glassware	Sewing Machines
Mattresses	Stoves	Guns
Bed Spreads	Ranges	Silverware
Rugs	Enamel Cooking Sets	Clocks
Carpets	Aluminum Ware	Cameras
Linoleum	Refrigerators	Victrolas
Lace Curtains		Paints
Portieres		Etc.

$1 WITH ORDER

Here is one of the finest offers I have ever been able to make. Here is your chance to try for a whole month, right in your own kitchen, a Handsome, Useful, and High-Grade Aluminum Set at my invitation and at my risk. Send the coupon and first payment today. The complete set will be sent you immediately. Begin at once to use it as your own. Learn the big difference between percolator coffee and coffee-pot coffee; enjoy the richer aroma, the finer flavor and the clearer color. Know the many uses of the Big Combination Roaster (see picture above). See for yourself how it saves fuel, time and labor. Experience, by daily use, the pleasure in handling and the profit in using all the pieces. Enjoy the bright, clean, spic-and-span appearance the 45 pieces give your kitchen.

This Beautiful Aluminum Set must be its own salesman, as You Don't Buy From Pictures When You Deal With Spear. You must be entirely satisfied with its High Quality, its Low Price, and its Easy Terms. You must be delighted with its Shining Beauty and its High Efficiency. If your satisfaction is not thorough from every viewpoint, no matter how much you have used the set during the 30 days, you can return it. Your first payment and all transportation costs will be refunded. The Trial will not cost you a penny. *Important!* Every piece in this set is genuine high-grade, pure aluminum, mirror-like in finish, with a polish that cannot wear away, seamless, sanitary, and easy to clean. Will not flake, crack, chip, peel or corrode. *EACH AND EVERY PIECE IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR 20 YEARS.* Heats rapidly and evenly, and so saves fuel. Heavier and better than ordinary grades. These pieces are made of extra-heavy, extra hard high-grade Aluminum, and will give years of Hard, Honest, Faithful Service. All the articles are of a large serviceable size. Every article is of the kind that you will need and use often. This set must not be confused with ordinary sets that include many useless thin pieces. You must judge this set by its big value, rather than its little price. And this you can do during your 30 Days' Free Trial. Former price $22.50, which we have slashed to rock bottom. ***Order No. MA2500. Terms $1 with order, $1 monthly. Total price, $10.95.*** Sign the coupon, enclose $1, send both to me, and this gorgeous set will soon be on its way to you.

ONLY $1 MONTHLY

THE 45 PIECES

9-Piece roaster of large capacity—diameter 10½ inches—6 inches high. Inside milk pan 2½ inches high, 8¼ inches in diameter.
1 Six qt. tea kettle with double boiler inset (two qts.) and cover; 3 pieces.
1 Six qt. combination cooker. 11 uses. (pudding pan strainer or colander, kettle cover, casserole, or bake dish, convex kettle, preserving kettle, self basting roaster, combination cooker, corn popper or corn flake toaster, cereal cooker or double boiler, steamer set (4 pieces).
1 One qt. Lipped sauce pan
1 1½ qt. Lipped sauce pan
1 Two qt. Lipped sauce pan
2 Pie plates—diam. 10 in.
2 Jelly or layer cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces) diam. 10 inches.
1 Percolator with inset. Capacity 7 cups (2 pieces)
2 Bread pans, 9¾ x 5½ in.
1 Ladle
1 Pancake turner
1 Coffee or Tea strainer
1 Combination biscuit and doughnut cutter (2 pieces)
1 Measuring cup
1 Combination funnel (6 pieces) 6 Separate Uses
3 Measuring spoons
1 Sugar or salt shaker

"I Will Trust You Gladly" No Matter Where You Live

Spear of Pittsburgh

Get My Big FREE Book sent on 30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home. Be sure to write for Catalog Today.

Every page in my New Slashed Price Bargain Catalog is full of Stunning Bargains. Reductions are from 30 to 50% on good, honest well-made dependable furniture and furnishings. But remember this: You don't buy from pictures when you deal with Spear. Everything I sell is

Nathaniel Spear, President

SPEAR & CO.

Department C-7, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

SPEAR & CO., Dept. C-7, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 45-piece aluminum set as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 day's trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.00 monthly. Order No. MA2500. Total price, $10.95. Be sure to write or print your name and address plainly. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Name.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street & No.....

Post Office.....State.....

If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in this line

Send shipment to.....

FREE CATALOG } If you want the Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put an X here ☐ and write your name and address plainly on the above lines.